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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

SPEECH BY SECRETARY SEWARD.

THE MILITARY AND POLITICAL SITUATION REVIEWED.

From the Auburn Union, Sept. 5.

SATURDAY was a gala day in Auburn, over the splendid victory of Gen. Sherman in the capture of Atlanta. At an early hour all the flags in the city were run up, giving it a very gay and patriotic appearance. At five o'clock, p.m., all the bells struck up a merry peal, and about the same hour a salute of one hundred guns was fired. Immediately a large crowd, including several hundred volunteers, who were waiting to be mustered in, assembled in front of the Western Exchange, and were briefly addressed by Hon. Christopher Morgan and Provost-Marshal Knapp. After the speeches, it was proposed that the assemblage form in procession and march to the residence of Gov. Seward. The band led off with a lively tune, and the line of march was immediately taken up. On arriving in front of Gov. Seward's residence, the assemblage became so large that it was found necessary to continue the march to the park adjoining Gov. Seward's grounds.

After the procession had halted, Gov. Seward was called for, and came forward and addressed the crowd in one of his most earnest and effective speeches, which was received with unbounded enthusiasm. After he concluded, three cheers were called for and given with a will, for the following persons: Sherman, Grant, Sheridan, Meade, Stanton, Farragut, Lincoln and Seward. Three more rousing ones were given for the soldiers and the Union. The crowd then separated. In the evening Gov. Seward was serenaded by the Auburn Band, and responded to the compliment in a brief speech.

The following is the speech of Gov. Seward delivered in the Park:

MY DEAR FRIENDS: It is so that I like to see you come—marching to the time of national airs, under the folds of the old national flag. I thank you for this hospitable and patriotic welcome. It proves that though you deal vigorously with your public servants, exacting reasons for their policy, energy in their conduct of affairs, and explanations for failures and disappointments in their administration, yet you are nevertheless just, because you willingly allow them to rejoice with you, when you have successes, victories and triumphs to celebrate. The news that brings us together is authentic. (A VOICE—Do you think it is reliable?) Yes. Here is a telegram which I received this morning from the Secretary of War:

"Van Duzer reports that Sherman's advance entered Atlanta about noon to-day. Particulars not yet received.
"EDWIN M. STANTON."

(Three cheers were given for Atlanta.) Now, this news comes in a good shape. It is pleasant to have a grand result at the first, and it protracts the interest of the thing, to have particulars coming in afterward. (Yes, yes, we can wait for the particulars.) This victory comes in the right connection. It falls in with the echoes of the capture of Forts Gaines and Morgan, which I understand to be the *particulars* of Farragut's glorious naval battle, in the Bay of Mobile—a battle equalled by no other in American history but the naval achievements of the same veteran Admiral at New Orleans and Port Hudson; and all these have no parallel in naval warfare but the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar. (A VOICE—"I wish we were all Farraguts.") Well, my friend, I know the Admiral well, and I confess that we all can't be Farraguts. Indeed, very few of us can. But we may take this comfort to ourselves, that as a whole people, we can appreciate the veterans. We can also appreciate Sherman, who has performed the most successful and splendid march through a mountainous and hostile country recorded in modern history, and in doing this we show ourselves inferior in virtue to no other nation. By the way, everybody admired Farragut's heroism in climbing the topmast to direct the battle. But there was another "particular" of that contest that no less forcibly illustrates his heroic character. "Admiral," said one of his officers, the night before the battle, "won't you consent to give Jack a glass of grog in the morning—not enough to make him drunk, but just enough to make him fight cheerfully?" "Well," replied the Admiral, "I have been to sea considerable, and have seen a battle or two, but I never found that I wanted rum to enable me to do my duty. I will order two cups of good coffee to each man at two o'clock, and at eight o'clock I will pipe all hands to breakfast in Mobile Bay." (Hurrah for Farragut.) And he did give Jack the coffee, and then he went up to the masthead and *did it*.

The victory at Atlanta comes at the right place. The rebellious district is in the shape of an egg. It presents equal resistance on its whole surface. But if you could break the shell at either of the two ends, Richmond and Atlanta, the whole must crumble to pieces. While Sherman under Grant has been striking the big end, Meade under Grant has been striking just as hard blows upon the lesser end. The whole shell will now be easily crushed, for it has grown brittle with the exhaustion of vitality within.

This glorious victory comes in good time for another reason. Just now we are calling upon you for 300,000 more volunteers, if you will—drafted men if we must—to end the war. You were getting a little tired of long delays and disappointed expectations. In Indiana, a portion of the people, instigated by rebel plotters, at the Clifton House, in Canada, were importing British revolvers in boxes, which passed the Custom-house as stationery, under pretence of arming to defend themselves, but really to resist the draft, and bring the government down to ruin, through a subordinate and auxiliary civil war. True, no arms have been imported here. Yet delegates went out from among you and sat down in council at Chicago with those Indiana conspirators, and agreed with them not only that that importation of arms should be defended in the election canvass, but also to demand the cessation of the war upon the ground that success in restoring the Union is unattainable. Already under the influence of the cheering news from Atlanta, all this discontent and this despondency have disappeared. We shall have no draft because the army is being reinforced at the rate of five to ten thousand men per day by volunteers. (Hurrah for the volunteers.) May I not add that this victory at Atlanta comes in good time, as the victory in Mobile Bay does, to vindicate the wisdom and the energy of the Administration. Farragut's fleet did not make itself, nor did he make it. It was prepared by the Secretary of the Navy, and he that shall record the history of this war truthfully and impartially, will write that since the days of Carnot, no man has organized war with the ability of Stanton. (Cheers for Stanton, cheers for the Secretary of the Navy.)

But auspicious as the occasion is, it has nevertheless failed to bring out some whom we might have expected here. Why are they not here to rejoice in the victories that will thrill the hearts of the lovers of Freedom throughout the world? Alas, that it must be confessed, it is party spirit that holds them aloof. All of them are partisans. Some are Republicans, who cannot rejoice in the national victories because this war, for the life of the nation, is not in all respects conducted according to their own peculiar radical ideas and theories. They want guarantees for swift, and universal, and complete emancipation, or they do not want the nation saved. Others stay away because they want to be assured that in coming out of the revolutionary storm, the Ship of State will be found exactly in the same condition as when the tempest assailed it, or they do not want the ship saved at all, as if anybody could give such guarantees in the name of a people of thirty million. Others are Democrats. They received from their fathers the axiom that only Democrats could save the country, and they must save it by Democratic formulas and combinations which the progress of the age has forever exploded. They cannot come up to celebrate achievements which condemn their narrow and hereditary bigotry.

Others, of both the Republican and Democratic parties, are willing that the nation shall be saved, provided it is done by some one of their chosen and idolized chiefs, which chief they mutually denounce and revile. They cannot honor Grant, and Sherman, and Farragut, and Porter, because by such homage they fear that Fremont and McClellan's fame may be eclipsed.

Nevertheless, there are enough here of the right sort ("Yes, that's true"), enough of men who once were Republicans, but who, taking the word in a partisan sense, are Republicans no longer, and men who once were Democrats, but who, taking that word in its narrow application, are Democrats no longer, all of whom are now Union men, because they found out at the beginning of this tremendous civil war, or at some period in its progress, that no man, no party, no formula, no creed, could save the Union, but that only the people could save it, and they could save it only by ceasing to become partisans, and becoming patriots and Union men (cheers for the Union).

Yes, my friends, when this war shall be ended in the restoration of the Union, no man then living will exult in the recollection that during its continuance he was either a Radical or a Conservative, a Republican or a Democrat, but every man will claim to have been throughout an unreserved and unconditional Union man.

But why should party spirit, especially at this juncture, divide the American people? And why should I, a member of the Executive Administration, allude to it on such an occasion as this? The answer is at hand. The Constitution of our country commands that Administration to surrender its powers to the people, and the people to designate agents to assume and exercise them four years. You receive the Executive government in a condition very different and highly improved. We found it practically expelled from the whole country south of the Delaware, the Ohio, and the Missouri, with the most of the army and navy betrayed or fallen into the hands of insurgents, and a new and treasonable Confederacy, with the indirect but effective coöperation of foreign powers, establishing itself on the Gulf of Mexico. We cheerfully give the government back to you, with large and conquering armies, and a triumphant navy, with the hateful Confederacy falling into pieces, and the rebellious States, one after another, returning to their allegiance.

Regarding myself now, therefore, not as a Secretary, but simply as one of the people, I, like you, am called by my vote to determine into whose hands the precious trust shall now be confided. We might wish to avoid, or at least to postpone that duty, until the present fearful crisis is passed. But it cannot and it ought not to be avoided or adjourned. It is a constitutional trial, and the nation must go through it deliberately and bravely.

I shall therefore cheerfully submit, for your consideration, the course which I have concluded to adopt, and the reasons for it.

First, I beg you to remember that the present is no common or customary Presidential election. It occurs in the midst of civil war, arising out of a disputed succession to the Executive power. Disputed successions are the most frequent causes of civil wars, not only in republics, but even in monarchies. A dispute about the succession of the President periodically begets an abortive or a real revolution, in each one of the Spanish and American Republics. So the disputed succession of the Spanish throne begot that memorable thirty-years' war which convulsed all Europe. A dispute whether Juarez was the lawful President brought on the present civil war, with the consequence of French intervention, in Mexico. A dispute whether the present King of Denmark, who succeeded to the throne last Winter, is lawful heir to the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, brought about the civil war in that country, which, through German intervention, has just now ended with the dismemberment of the Danish Kingdom. It is remarkable, also, that civil wars, produced by disputed successions, invariably begin with resistance, by some one or more of the States or provinces which constitute the Kingdom, Empire, or Republic, which is disturbed. It was so with the United States of Mexico. It was so in the United States of Colombia, and the case was the same in the United States of Venezuela. Now it is certain that in 1860 we elected Abraham Lincoln, lawfully and constitutionally, to be President of the whole United States of America. Seven of the States, immediately thereon, rushed into disunion, and summoning eight more to their alliance, they set up a revolutionary government. They levied war against us, to effect a separation, and establish a distinct sovereignty and independence.

We accepted the war in defence of the Union. The only grievance of the insurgents was that their choice of John C. Breckinridge for President was constitutionally overruled by the election of Lincoln. They rejected Lincoln and set up a usurper. The Executive power of the United States is now, therefore, by force, practically suspended, between the usurper, Jefferson Davis, and that constitutional President, Abraham Lincoln. The war is waged by the usurper to expel that constitutional President from the Capital, which, in some sort, is constantly held in siege, and to conquer the States which loyally adhere to him. The war is maintained on our side to suppress the usurper, and to bring the insurgent States back under the authority of the constitutional President. The war is at its crisis. It is clear, therefore, that we are fighting to make Abraham Lincoln President of the whole United States, under the election of 1860, to continue until the 4th of March, 1865. In voting for a President of the United States, can we wisely or safely vote out the identical person whom, with force and arms, we are fighting into the Presidency? (No, no.) You justly say no. It would be nothing less than to give up the very object of the war at the ballot-box. The moral strength which makes our loyal position impregnable would pass from us; and when that moral strength has passed away, material forces are no longer effective, or even available. By such a proceeding we shall have agreed with the enemy, and shall have given him the victory. But in that agreement the Constitution and the Union will have perished, because when it shall have once been proved that a minority can, by force or circumvention, defeat the full accession of a constitutionally chosen President, no President thereafter, though elected by ever so large a majority, can hope to exercise the Executive powers unopposed throughout the whole country. One of two things must follow that fatal error. Either a contest between your newly-elected compromise President, and the same usurper, in which the usurper must prevail, or else a combination between them, through which the usurper or his successor, subverting your Constitution and substituting his own, will become President, King, or Emperor of the United States without foreign aid, if he can, with foreign intervention, if necessary. (That's so.) To be sure it is so; nothing is more certain than that either the United States and their Constitutional President, and the so-called Confederate States, and their usurping President, must rule within the limits of this Republic. I therefore regard the pending Presidential election as involving the question whether hereafter we shall have a Constitution and a country left us. How shall we vote then to save our country from this fearful danger? (Vote Lincoln in again.) You have hit it exactly, my friend. We must vote Lincoln in again, and fight him in at the same time. If we do this the rebellion will perish, and leave no root. If we do otherwise, we have only the alternatives of acquiescence in a perpetual usurpation, or of entering an endless succession of civil and social wars. Upon these grounds, I entirely irrespective of platform and candidate, I consider the recommendations of the Constitution at Chicago as tending to subvert the Republic. (It's so, that's a fact.)

It will seem a hard thing when I imply that a party like the Democratic party can either meditate or blindly adopt measures to overthrow the Republic. All experience, however, shows that it is by the malice or madness of great parties that free States have been brought down to destruction. You often hear alarms that a party in power is subverting the State, and it sometimes happens so. But nine times out of ten, it is a party out of power that, in its impatience or ambition, overthrows a Republic.

The Democratic party, of course leaving off the loyal Union Democrats, opposed the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860. In doing so, they divided and organized in three columns. One, a treasonable column of State rights disunion Democrats, under Breckinridge. A second, a loyal Northern column, under Douglas. The third, a conciliatory flying column, under John Bell, who has since joined the insurgents. We therefore invited the two loyal columns to combine with the Republican party to oppose the disunion Democratic column. They declined. On the eve of the election in 1860, I told the followers of Douglas and of Bell that when the election should have closed, they would find that they had inadvertently favored disunion and rebellion. They persisted, and the attempted revolution came. Disunion then presented itself, in the practical form of preventing Abraham Lincoln from assuming the Executive authority. Thus the Democratic party produced that calamity, the Southern Democrats acting from design, the Northern Democrats passive through inadvertence. The disputed succession still remains unadjusted. A new election has come on. For a time, the Northern Democrats, with notable exceptions, gave a more or less liberal support to the government, against the Democratic insurgents of the South. But the same Democratic forces which figured in the election of 1860 now appear in the political field, with positions and policy unchanged since that time, as I think, except for the worse. The Southern Democracy is still in arms, under the usurper at Richmond. The Douglas and Bell columns consolidated, are found at Chicago, and all three of the parties are compassing the rejection of the Constitutional President of the United States. They agree not only in this attempt, but they assign the same reasons for it, namely, that Abraham Lincoln is a tyrant.

They agree, also, that the real usurper at Richmond is blameless and pure; at least, the Richmond Democracy affirm it, and the Chicago Democracy do not gainsay it. To me, therefore, the Democracy at Richmond and the Democracy at Chicago, like Cæsar and Pompey, seem to retain all their original family resemblance. They are very much alike—especially Pompey. But it is not in mere externals that their similarity lies. They talk very much alike, as I have already shown you. When you consider that among the Democrats at Chicago the Indiana Democrats were present, who have imported arms to resist the national authority and defeat the national laws, and that all the Democrats there assembled agreed to justify that proceeding, I think you will agree with me that the Richmond Democrats and the Chicago Democrats have lately come to act very much alike.

I shall now go further and prove to you that they not only have a common policy, and a common way of defending it, but they have even adopted that policy in concert with each other. You know that when the Chicago Convention was approaching in July last, George Sanders, Clement C. Clay and J. P. Holcombe appeared at the Clifton House, on the Canada bank of the Niagara River, fully invested with the confidence and acquainted with the purposes of Jefferson Davis and his Confederates at Richmond. You know, also, that Chicago Democrats resorted there in considerable numbers to confer with these emissaries of Jefferson Davis. Here is the fruit of that Conference, and no one can deny the authenticity of my evidence. It is extracted from the London *Times*, the common organ of all the enemies of the United States. The New York correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from Niagara Falls, under date of Aug. 8, says:

"Clifton House has become a centre of negotiations between the Northern friends of peace and Southern agents, which propose a withdrawal of differences from the arbitrament of the sword. The correspondent then goes on to explain that an effort is to be made to nominate a candidate for the Presidency on the ground of an armistice and a Convention of the States, and to thwart by all possible means the efforts of Mr. Lincoln for reelection."

Mark now, that on the 8th of August, 1864, Northern Democrats and Richmond agents agree upon three things to be done at Chicago.

Namely: 1. A withdrawal of the differences between the government and the insurgents from the arbitrament of the sword. 2. A nomination for President of the United States on a platform of an armistice and ultimately a Convention of the States. 3. To thwart by all possible means the reelection of Abraham Lincoln.

Such a conference, held in a neutral country, between professedly loyal citizens of the United States and the agents of the Richmond traitors in arms, has a very suspicious look: But let that pass. Political elections must be free, and therefore they justly excuse many extravagancies. We have now seen what the agents of Pompey and Cæsar agreed at Niagara that Pompey should do at Chicago. Here is what he actually did:

"Resolved, That this Convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that, after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity of war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate Convention of all the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States."

The Democracy at Chicago did there just what had been agreed upon by the Richmond agents at Niagara, namely, they pronounced for an abandonment of the military defence of the Union against the insurgents, with a view to an ultimate National Convention, and the defeat of the election of Abraham Lincoln. That is to say, they propose to eject Abraham Lincoln from the Presidential chair at Washington on the 4th of March next, and at the same time leave the usurper, Davis, unassailed, secure and unmolested in his seat at Richmond, with a view to an ultimate convention of States, which that usurper's Constitution will allow no one of the insurgent States to enter. What now, if there be a Constitution at all, or if the Convention fail to agree on a submission to the Federal authority? Jefferson Davis then remains in authority, the Confederacy established, and the Union with all its glories is gone forever. Nay, more, if such a thing could happen as that the Chicago candidate, nominated upon such an agreement, should be elected President of the United States on the first Tuesday of November next, who can vouch for the safety of the country against the rebels during the interval which must elapse before the new Administration can constitutionally come into power? It seems to me that such an election would tend equally to demoralize the Union and to invite the insurgents to renew their efforts for its destruction.

It remains for me now only to give you the proof, that although the way in which the Chicago Democracy did what had been agreed upon in their behalf at Niagara was not altogether satisfactory, yet what they actually did was accepted as a full execution of the previous compact:

"ST. CATHARINES, C. W., Sept. 1.

"To Hon. D. Wier, Halifax:—Platform and Presidential nominee unsatisfactory. Vice-President and speeches satisfactory. Tell Pnilmore not to oppose.
"(Signed) GEO. N. SANDERS."

D. Wier is a Richmond accomplice at Halifax, and Philmore is understood to be the conductor of the insurgent organ in London.

Here then we have a nomination and a platform which was made by treaty formally contracted between the Democratic traitors at Richmond and the Democratic opposition at Chicago, signed, sealed, attested, and delivered in the presence of the London *Times*, and already ratified at Richmond. ["By Heaven, we've got 'em."] Got them, to be sure you've got them, my friends. They say I am always too sanguine of the success of national candidates and of the national arms. But it seems to me that the veriest croaker in all our loyal camp will take new courage and become heroic when he sees that the last hope of the rebellion hangs upon the ratification of this abominable and detestable compact by the American people.

Yes, you have got them; but how did you get them? Not by any skill or art of the Administration, or even through the sagacity or activity of the loyal people, but through the cunning of the conspirators, overreaching itself, and thus working out their own defeat and confusion. They do say that the father of evil always indulges his chosen disciples, with such an excess of subtlety, as to render their ultimate ruin and punishment inevitable.

And what a time is this to proclaim such a policy, conceived in treachery, and brought forth with shameless effrontery! A cessation of hostilities on the heel of decisive naval and land battles, at the very moment that the rebellion, without a single fort in its possession on the coast, or on either of the great rivers or lakes, is crumbling to the earth, and at the same time a dozen new ships-of-war are going to complete the investment by sea, and three hundred thousand volunteers are rushing to the lines, to complete the work of restoration and pacification.

There is a maxim which thoughtful teachers always carefully inculcate: it is that inconstancy is imbecility, and that perseverance is necessary to insure success. This maxim was set forth in the form of a copy in the writing-book when I was young—"Perseverance always conquers." Even infantile beginners encountered the instruction in the form of a fable in Webster's spelling-book. The story was, that after using soft words and tufts of grass, the farmer tried what virtue there was in stones, and by persistance in that application, he brought the rude boy, who was stealing apples, down from the tree, and made him ask the farmer's pardon. Our Chicago teachers tell us that just as the rude boy is coming down, we must lay down the stones and resort again to the use of grass, with the consequence, of course, that the farmer must beg pardon of the trespasser. But what makes this Chicago policy more contemptible and even ridiculous, is that it is nothing different from the policy with which the same parties now contracting actually ushered in disunion in 1861, in the closing hours of the Administration of James Buchanan. Yes, my dear friends, when we of this Administration came into our places in March, 1861, *we found there existing just the system which is now recommended at Chicago.* Namely, first, a treasonable Confederacy in arms against the Federal authority. Second, a truce between the government of the United States and the rebels, a veritable armistice which was so construed that while the national ports and forts were thoroughly invested along the sea coast and rivers by the insurgents, they could be neither reinforced nor supplied even with food by the government. Third, a languid debate with a view to an ultimate National Convention which the rebels haughtily despised and contemptuously rejected. What were the alternatives left us? Either to surrender ourselves and the government, at discretion, or to summon the people to arms, terminate the armistice, adjourn the demoralizing debate, and "repossess" ourselves of the National forts and ports. And now has all the treasure that has been spent, and all the precious blood that has been poured forth, gone for nothing else but to secure an ignominious retreat, and return at the end of four years to the hopeless imbecility and rapid process of national dissolution, which existed when Abraham Lincoln took into his hands the reins of government?

Every one of you knows that but for that accession of Abraham Lincoln just at that time, the Union would in less than three months have fallen into absolute and irretrievable ruin.

I will not dwell long on the complaints which misguided but not intentionally perverse men bring against the Administration of Abraham Lincoln. They complain of military arrests of spies and lurking traitors in the loyal States, as if the government could justify itself for waiting, without preventive measures, for more States to be invaded or to be carried off into secession.

They complain that when we call for volunteers we present the alternative of a draft, as if when the ship has been scuttled the Captain ought to leave the sleeping passengers to go to the bottom without calling upon them to take their turn at the pump.

They are not content with plotting sedition in secret places, but they go up and down the public streets uttering treason, vainly seeking to provoke arrest in order that they may complain of a denial of the liberty of speech. The impunity they everywhere enjoy, under the protection of constitutional debate, shows, at one and the same time, that their complaints are groundless, and that the Union in the element of moral stability is stronger than they know.

The chief complaint against the President is that he will not accept peace on the basis of the integrity of the Union, without having also the abandonment of slavery. *When and where have the insurgents offered him peace on the basis of the integrity of the Union? Nobody has offered it. The rebels never will offer it. They are determined and pledged to rule this Republic or ruin it. I told you here a year ago, that practically slavery was no longer in question—that it was perishing under the operation of the war. That assertion has been confirmed.*

The Union men in all the slave States that we have delivered are even more anxious than we are to abolish slavery. Witness Western Virginia, Maryland, Missouri, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Arkansas. Jefferson Davis tells you in effect the same thing. He says it is not slavery, but Independence and Sovereignty, for which he is contending. There is good reason for this. A hundred dollars in gold is only a year's purchase of the labor of the working-man in every part of the United States. At less than half that price you could buy all the slaves in the country. Nevertheless, our opponents want a distinct exposition of the President's views on the ultimate solution of the slavery question.

Why do they want it? For the same reason that the Pharisees and Sadduces wanted an authoritative resolution of the questions of casuistry which arose in their day. One of those sects believed in a Kingdom to come, and the other denied the resurrection of the dead. Nevertheless, they walked together in loving accord in search of instruction concerning the spirit-world. "Master," said they, "there was a man of our nation who married a wife and died, leaving six brothers. These brothers successively married the widowed woman, and afterward died. And last of all the woman died also. In the resurrection which of the seven shall have this woman to wife?"

Now what was it to them whether one or all should have the woman to wife in Heaven? It could be nothing to the Sadduces in any case. What was it to any human being on this side of the grave? What was it to any human being in Heaven, except the woman and her seven husbands? Absolutely nothing. Yet they would have an answer. And they received one. The answer was that while in this mortal state, men and women shall never cease to marry and to die, there will be in the resurrection neither death nor marrying or giving in marriage.

Although altogether unauthorized to speak for the President upon hypothetical questions, I think I can give an answer upon the subject of slavery at the present day—an answer which will be explicit, and I hope not altogether unsatisfactory. While the rebels continue to wage war against the government of the United States, the military measures affecting slavery, which have been adopted from necessity, to bring the war to a speedy and successful end, will be continued, except so far as practical experience shall show that they can be modified advantageously, with a view to the same end. When the insurgents shall have disbanded their armies, and laid down their arms, the war will instantly cease, and all the war measures then existing, including those which affect slavery, will cease also, and all the moral, economical and political questions, as well questions affecting slavery as others which shall then be existing between individuals and States and the Federal government, whether they arose before the civil war began, or whether they grew out of it, will, by force of the Constitution, pass over to the arbitrament of courts of law, and to the councils of legislation.

I am not unsophisticated enough to expect that conspirators, while yet unsubdued, and exercising an unresisted despotism in the insurrectionary States, will either sue for, or even accept, an amnesty based on the surrender of the power they have so recklessly usurped. Nevertheless, I know that if any such conspirator should tender his submission upon such terms, that he will at once receive a candid hearing, and an answer prompted purely by a desire for peace, with the maintenance of the Union. On the other hand, I do expect propositions of peace with a restoration of the Union, to come not from the Confederates in authority, nor through them, but from citizens and States under and behind them. And I expect such propositions from citizens and States to come over the Confederates in power, just so fast as those citizens and States shall be delivered by the Federal arms from the usurpation by which they are now oppressed. All the world knows, that so far as I am concerned, and, I believe, so far as the President is concerned, all such applications will receive just such an answer as it becomes a great, magnanimous and humane people, to grant to brethren who have come back from their wanderings to seek a shelter in the common ark of our national security and happiness.

The sun is setting. So surely as it shall rise again, so surely do I think that the great events we have now celebrated prelude the end of our national troubles, and the restoration of the national authority with peace, prosperity and freedom throughout the whole land, from the lakes to the gulf, and from ocean to ocean.

And so I bid you good night; and may God have you, with our whole country, always in His holy and paternal keeping.

Enthusiastic cheers were given at the conclusion of the speech.

CONVENTION AT CINCINNATI.—We learn that a call has been issued numerously signed summoning a mass convention to meet at Cincinnati, on the 28th of the present month, to consider the state of the country. Gen. Grant is named as a possible nominee for the Presidency, but it is added, "that the object of that Convention will be friendly and loyal consultation; and if it be deemed, upon due deliberation, that the nomination of Mr. Lincoln ought to be adhered to, it will receive an acceleration and support which will render his reëlection sure.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THE RIGHTS OF COLORED SOLDIERS.

LETTER OF GEN. BUTLER TO THE REBEL COMMISSIONERS OF EXCHANGE.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA,
IN THE FIELD, August —, 1864.

Hon. ROBERT OULD, *Commissioner of Exchange:*

SIR: Your note to Major Mulford, Assistant Agent of Exchange, under date of 17th of August, has been referred to me.

You therein state that Major Mulford has several times proposed to exchange prisoners respectively held by the two belligerents, officer for officer and man for man, and that "the offer has also been made by other officials having charge of matters connected with the exchange of prisoners"; and that "this proposal has been heretofore declined by the Confederate authorities." That you now consent to the above proposition, and agree to deliver to you [Major Mulford] the prisoners held in captivity by the Confederate authorities, provided you agree to deliver an equal number of officers and men. As equal numbers are delivered from time to time, they will be declared exchanged. This proposal is made with the understanding that officers and men on both sides who have been longest in captivity will be first delivered, where it is practicable.

From a slight ambiguity in your phraseology, but more, perhaps, from the antecedent action of your authorities, and because of your acceptance of it, I am in doubt whether you have stated the proposition with entire accuracy.

It is true, a proposition was made both by Major Mulford and by myself, as agents of exchange, to exchange all prisoners of war taken by either belligerent party, man for man, officer for officer, of equal rank, or their equivalents. It was made by me as early as the first of the Winter of 1863-4, and has not been accepted. In May last I forwarded to you a note, desiring to know whether the Confederate authorities intended to treat colored soldiers of the United States army as prisoners of war. To that inquiry no answer has yet been made. To avoid all possible misapprehension or mistake hereafter as to your offer now, will you now say whether you mean by "prisoners held in captivity," colored men, duly enrolled and mustered into the service of the United States, who have been captured by the Confederate forces; and if your authorities are willing to exchange all soldiers so mustered into the United States army, whether colored or otherwise, and the officers commanding them, man for man, officer for officer?

At an interview which was held between yourself and the agent of exchange on the part of the United States, at Fortress Monroe, in March last, you will do me the favor to remember the principal discussion turned upon this very point; you, on behalf of the Confederate government, claiming the right to hold all negroes, who had heretofore been slaves and not emancipated by their masters or claimants, whoever they might be, to be held by them as slaves.

By the advertisements in your newspapers, calling upon masters to come forward and claim these men so captured, I suppose that your authorities still adhere to that claim—that is to say, that whenever a colored soldier of the United States is captured by you, upon whom any claim can be made by any person residing within the States now in insurrection, such soldier is not to be treated as a prisoner of war, but is to be turned over to his supposed owner or claimant, and put at such labor or service as that owner or claimant may choose, and the officers in command of such soldiers, in the language of a supposed act of the Confederate States, are to be turned over to the Governors of States, upon requisitions, for the purpose of being punished by the laws of such States for acts done in war in the armies of the United States.

You must be aware that there is still a proclamation by Jefferson Davis, claiming to be Chief Executive of the Confederate States, declaring in substance that all officers of colored troops mustered into the service of the United States were not to be treated as prisoners of war, but were to be turned over for punishment to the Governors of States.

I am reciting these public acts from memory, and will be pardoned for not giving the exact words, although I believe I do not vary the substance and effect.

These declarations on the part of those whom you represent yet remain unrepealed, unannulled, unrevoked, and must therefore be still supposed to be authoritative. By your acceptance of our proposition, is the government of the United States to understand that these several claims, enactments and proclaimed declarations are to be given up, set aside, revoked, and held for naught by the Confederate authorities, and that you are ready and willing to exchange man for man those colored soldiers of the United States, duly mustered and enrolled as such, who have heretofore been claimed as slaves by the Confederate States, as well as white soldiers?

If this be so, and you are so willing to exchange these colored men claimed as slaves, and you will so officially inform the government of the United States, then, as I am instructed, a principal difficulty in effecting exchanges will be removed.

As I informed you personally, in my judgment, it is neither consistent with the policy, dignity or honor of the United States, upon any consideration, to allow those who, by our laws solemnly enacted, are made soldiers of the Union, and who have been duly enlisted, enrolled and mustered as such soldiers—who have borne arms in behalf of this country, not to be treated as prisoners of war, and remain unexchanged, and in the service of those who claim them as masters; and I cannot believe that the government of the United States will ever be found to consent to so gross a wrong.

Pardon me if I misunderstood you in supposing that your acceptance of our proposition does not in good faith mean to include all the soldiers of the Union, and that you still intend, if your acceptance is agreed to, to hold the colored soldiers of the Union unexchanged, and at labor or service, because I am informed that very lately, almost contemporaneously with this offer on your part to exchange prisoners, and which seems to include all prisoners of war, the Confederate authorities have made a declaration that the negroes hitherto held to service by owners in the States of Delaware, Maryland and Missouri are to be treated as prisoners of war when captured in arms in the service of the United States. Such declaration that a part of the colored soldiers of the United States were to be prisoners of war would seem most strongly to imply that others were not to be so treated, or in other words, that colored men from the insurrectionary States are to be held to labor and returned to their masters, if captured by the Confederate forces while duly enrolled and mustered into and actually in the armies of the United States.

In the view which the government of the United States takes of the claim made by you to the persons and services of these negroes, it is not to be supported upon any principle of national or municipal law.

Looking upon these men only as property, upon your theory of property in them, we do not see how this claim can be made, certainly not how it can be yielded. It is believed to be a well-settled rule of public international law, and a custom and part of the laws of war, that the capture of movable property vests the title to that property in the captor, and, therefore, when one belligerent gets into full possession property belonging to the subjects or citizens of the other belligerent, the owner of that property is at once divested of his title, which rests in the belligerent government capturing and holding such possession. Upon this rule of international law all civilized nations have acted, and by it both belligerents have dealt with all property, save slaves, taken from each other during the present war.

If the Confederate forces capture a number of horses from the United States, the animals immediately are claimed to be, and, as we understand it, become the property of the Confederate authorities.

If the United States capture any movable property in the rebellion, by our regulations and laws, in conformity with international law and the laws of war, such property is turned over to our government as its property. Therefore, if we obtain possession of that species of property known to the laws of the insurrectionary States as slaves, why should there be any doubt that that property, like any other, vests in the United States?

If the property in the slave does so vest, then the "*jus disponendi*," the right of disposing of that property, rests in the United States.

Now the United States have disposed of the property which they have acquired by capture, in slaves taken by them, by giving that right of property to the man himself, to the slave, that is, by emancipating him and declaring him free forever, so that if we have not mistaken the principles of international law, and the laws of war, we have no slaves in the armies of the United States. All are free men, being made so in such a manner as we have chosen to dispose of our property in them which we acquired by capture.

Slaves being captured by us, and the right of property in them thereby vested in us, that right of property has been disposed of by us by manumitting them, as has always been the acknowledged right of the owner to do to his slave. The manner in which we dispose of our property while it is in our possession cannot be questioned by you.

Nor is the case altered if the property is not actually captured in battle, but comes either voluntarily or involuntarily from the belligerent owner into the possession of the other belligerent.

I take it no one would doubt the right of the United States to a drove of Confederate mules, or a herd of Confederate cattle which should wander or rush across the Confederate lines into the lines of the United States army. So it seems to me, treating the negro as property merely, if that piece of property passes the Confederate lines, and comes into the lines of the United States, that property is as much lost to its owner in the Confederate States as would be the mule or ox, the property of the resident of the Confederate States, which should fall into our hands.

If, therefore, the principles of international law and the laws of war used in this discussion are correctly stated, then it would seem that the deduction logically flows therefrom, in natural sequence, that the Confederate States can have no claim upon the negro soldiers captured by them from the armies of the United States, because of the former ownership of them by their citizens or subjects, and only claim such as result, under the laws of war, from their capture merely.

Do the Confederate authorities claim the right to reduce to a state of slavery free men, prisoners of war captured by them? This claim our fathers fought against under Bainbridge and Decatur, when set up by the Barbary powers on the northern shore of Africa, about the year 1800, and in 1864 their children will hardly yield it upon their own soil.

This point I will not pursue further, because I understand you to repudiate the idea that you will reduce free men to slaves because of capture in war, and that you base the claim of the Confederate authorities to reënslave our negro soldiers, when captured by you, upon the "*jus post limini*," or that principle of the law of nations which rehabilitates the former owner with his property taken by an enemy, when such property is recovered by the forces of his own country.

Or, in other words, you claim that by the laws of nations and of war, when property of the subjects of one belligerent power, captured by the forces of the other belligerent, is recaptured by the armies of the former owner, then such property is to be restored to its prior possessor, as if it had never been captured, and, therefore, under this principle your authorities propose to restore to their masters the slaves which heretofore belonged to them which you may capture from us.

But this post liminary right under which you claim to act, as understood and defined by all writers on national law, is applicable simply to immovable property, and that, too, only after the complete resubjugation of that portion of the country in which the property is situated, upon which this right fastens itself. By the laws and customs of war this right has never been applied to movable property.

True, it is, I believe, that the Romans attempted to apply it to the case of slaves, but for two thousand years no other nation has attempted to set up this right as ground for treating slaves differently from other property.

But the Romans ever refused to reënslave men captured from opposing belligerents in a civil war such as ours unhappily is.

Consistently, then, with any principle of the law of nations, treating slaves as property merely, it would seem to be impossible for the government of the United States to permit the negroes in their ranks to be reënslaved when captured, or treated otherwise than as prisoners of war.

I have forborne, sir, in this discussion, to argue the question upon any other or different grounds of right than those adopted by your authorities in claiming the negro as property, because I understand that your fabric of opposition to the government of the United States has the right of property in man as its cornerstone. Of course it would not be profitable in settling a question of exchange of prisoners of war to attempt to argue the question of abandonment of the very corner-stone of their attempted political edifice. Therefore I have omitted all the considerations which should apply to the negro soldier as a man, and dealt with him upon the Confederate theory of property only.

I unite with you most cordially, sir, in desiring a speedy settlement of all these questions, in view of the great suffering endured by our prisoners in the hands of your authorities, of which you so feelingly speak. Let me ask, in view of that suffering, why you have delayed eight months to answer a proposition which by now accepting you admit to be right, just and humane, allowing that suffering to continue so long? One cannot help thinking, even at the risk of being deemed uncharitable, that the benevolent sympathies of the Confederate authorities have been lately stirred by the depleted condition of their armies, and a desire to get into the field to affect the present campaign, the hale, hearty and well-fed prisoners held by the United States in exchange for the half-starved, sick, emaciated and unserviceable soldiers of the United States now languishing in your prisons. The events of this war, if we did not know it before, have taught us that it is not the Northern portion of the American people alone who know how to drive sharp bargains.

The wrongs, indignities and privations suffered by our soldiers would move me to consent to anything to procure their exchange

plies which, from the beginning, have been the source of encouragement and strength to the rebellion (applause). Gen. Sherman on his part, by a marvellous succession of battles and of marches, overcoming all the obstacles interposed by nature and by a stubborn foe, has shown triumphantly that our army can march and then fight, march and then fight again and conquer (applause and "Good"), while by the capture of Atlanta he has splintered the very keystone of the whole rebel arch (renewed applause). Such, fellow-citizens, are the victories which we are assembled here to commemorate to-night.

This is a moment of joy, not that fellow-citizens in arms against us have been overcome, not that blood is flowing, not that fields and villages and towns are smoking, but that our country is redeemed from peril and that the public enemy is beaten down under our feet (applause). Such is the occasion of rejoicing to-night. Hearts overflow, eyes glisten, the voice cries out with gladness; the heart echoes to the booming cannon, and victory thrills us all with its bewitching, triumphant music. This, sir, is the time for rejoicing, for, "there is a time for sorrow, and there is a time also for joy"; but this is a time for joy. "Blow, bugles, blow; set all your wild notes flying!"

Unhappy those who cannot now join in our joy. Unhappy those who, as they listen to the booming cannon, to the swelling music, and to those eloquent voices that have preceded me, cannot echo them back with gladness in their hearts. Unhappy all such who call themselves by the American name. And why can they not rejoice? Alas! it is because their sympathies are with the enemy, or because they place party above their country even to the extent of seeing that country cut in twain—(A VOICE—"Shame")—like the false mother who appeared for judgment before Solomon. As the wise monarch clearly saw that the woman who was ready to see her child divided in two was a false mother, so may we all clearly see that those who are ready to see their country divided in two are false citizens. The judgment of Solomon stands good to this hour, against all who show such criminal insensibility.

Fellow-citizens, these Northern criminals (I like to call things by their proper names, and I thank my honored friend who preceded me for his exposition on that subject, telling how near they came to being traitors)—these Northern criminals are nothing else than unarmed guerrilla bands of Jefferson Davis marauding here at the North (loud cheers). They cry out peace, but, fellow-citizens, are we not all for peace? Sir, are you not for peace, are not all of the honored gentlemen by whom I am surrounded for peace? For myself, let me say, peace is the longing sentiment and passion of my life. Not Falkland in the bloody days of the English civil war cried out peace, peace, peace, more fervently than I do now. With me the day begins, continues and ends with this aspiration; but it is precisely because I am thus determined for peace, because peace is with me such a be-all and end-all, that I now insist at all hazards that this rebellion shall be crushed and trampled out totally, entirely and utterly, so that it shall never again break forth in blood (loud cheers). In the name of peace and for the sake of "good will among men" promised us by the angelic choir, do I now insist that this rebellion shall be so completely annihilated that it shall leave behind no relic or remnant which may become the seed of any future war.

But, fellow-citizens, let me be frank with you, for such is my habit here or wherever else I have the honor to speak. It is vain for you to expect to crush the rebellion unless you crush slavery (applause), for slavery, let me tell you, is but another name for this rebellion. The two are synonymns; they are convertible terms. Rebellion, as I have often said, is slavery in arms; it is slavery on horseback—or, if you please, it is belligerent slavery warring to establish a wicked empire. If you are against one, you must be against the other. If you are ready to strike rebellion you must be ready to strike slavery. If you are ready to strike slavery you must be ready to strike rebellion. The President was clearly right when, in a recent letter, he declared that he should accept no terms of peace which did not begin with the abandonment of slavery ("Good" and cheers). The Union cannot live with slavery. Nothing can be clearer than this. If slavery dies the Union lives; if slavery lives the Union dies. God save the Union!

And now, fellow-citizens, it only remains that you should comprehend the grandeur of the cause and of the occasion. Consider well the Thermopylæ pass in which you now stand battling for liberty—not only here at home, but everywhere throughout the globe; and do not forget that if you take care of liberty the Union will take care of itself—or, better still, do not forget that if you save liberty you save everything (loud cheers).

PHILOSOPHY OF THE CHICAGO PLATFORM.

WE (N. Y. *Times*) print by permission the following pungent and philosophical extract from a private letter recently written by our distinguished fellow-citizen, and the eminent publicist, Dr. Lieber:

"The Chicago platform appears to my mind that well-framed creed of Northern servility to the criminal arrogance of the South—a sanction of highest-handed lawlessness. The election of Gen. McClellan means armistice—armistice means separation—separation means disintegration (the instant separation of California, the dropping off of Utah, an empire in the Mississippi Valley, the excision of New England, and an inorganic clustering and re-clustering of the Eastern Middle States without any inherent character). Disintegration means defiance to the wonderfully great and self-completing geography of our country, and a lapse into that state which befell Europe at the beginning of the middle ages, when principalities rose and fell, enduring only long enough to perpetuate the sanguinary turmoil; it means a repetition of the chronic revolution which has afflicted South America this half century, possibly with a neighbor growing in monarchic power, which soon would claim the right of extension and recuperation. Disintegration means the reckless rising against that polity which the Disposer of events has ordained as the normal type of modern civilization, against the Nationalized government, which is the opposite to the halting league, the vast, incoherent monarchy, the provincial kingdom, the petty city, State and the fragmentary feudalism. It means quarreling, bloodshed and ruin, without an idea, for a century to come, and disgrace forever. It means the heartless destruction of a nation appointed to perform great and sacred tasks. It means all this, and slavery to boot, that "divine institution" whose altar is the auction table, on which the un-divine ties of parents and children are torn asunder by the auctioneer who thus becomes a holy missionary of the worshipped institution."

THE FREMONT MOVEMENT AND THE DEMOCRACY.

From the St. Louis Democrat.

THE intercourse between the so-called Copperhead and Radical Democracies, resulting in the nomination of Fremont and Cochrane at Cleveland, has certainly terminated in the exhibition of a remarkable degree of perfidy on the one hand, and of weakness on the other. There is no question that the friends of Gen. Fremont were encouraged by the Democracy to make their nominations, with the assurance that the whole or a good portion of the Democratic strength would unite upon them. Such has been the promise held out by the Fremont leaders in this city to their followers, and we suppose in good faith, because the Democracy gave all the encouragement it could to the Fremont movement. Fremont himself appears to have been misled, as in his conversation with Wendell Phillips and the editor of the Boston *Pioneer* he said he expected the "largest contingent" of his support to come from the Democratic party. His letter of acceptance, in which he denounced confiscation, was evidently written under the impression that a union with the Democracy was probable, and his last letter, in which he avows himself opposed to reconstruction except upon the basis of emancipation, appears to have been written after his eyes had been opened to the treachery of his expected allies. The deception which has been practised upon him has doubtless cost him dear. Besides the sacrifice of a Major-General's commission in the regular army, large sums of money have been expended in establishing organs, getting up ratification meetings, etc., etc., although it is probable that the Democracy, in the desire to create a breach in the Republican ranks, have contributed liberally to these objects.

How liberal the Democrats were in their proffers of aid to the Fremont movement, and in proposals for co-operation, we have good reason to know. It is enough for us to say that we never placed any reliance whatever on their professions in this regard, and have only been surprised that any others have done so.

We do not think we overstate the case when we say that many of the authors of the Fremont movement have been Democrats, intending all the time to co-operate with the Democratic party, and without the least reference to Fremont and his friends. But for their deceitful representations, Gen. Fremont and his misguided friends (for his best friends have been those who have sought to dissuade him from the step he has taken) would not have committed the suicidal act of which they were guilty at Cleveland.

If any one now supposes that John Cochrane—a New York politician, the most tricky, treacherous and unscrupulous in the whole nation, and who finally turned up in Chicago cheek-by-jowl with the schemers there—lent his name to the Fremont movement in good faith, he has a great deal more faith in human nature, when embodied in a Democratic politician, than we possess. The same might be said, with some modifications, of Claiborne and of other Democratic Fremont men, who made Fremont speeches before the Chicago Convention, and then, as delegates in that Convention, never mentioned Fremont's name. These men were anxious to defeat Mr. Lincoln, simply because they wanted to defeat the war and the Union cause, and finding Fremont sore towards Lincoln on account of personal ill-treatment, and his friends sore towards him on account of certain defects in his policy, they concluded that they were fit instruments to be used in splitting the Union party.

Never, in all the history of American politics, has a baser deception been practiced than by the Democratic leaders in encouraging a hope of Fremont's adoption at Chicago. Fremont and his immediate friends were not averse to such an arrangement. The *New Nation*, Fremont's organ, openly advocated it, and Caspar Butz, an enthusiastic Fremonter of Chicago, issued, during the Democratic Convention, a circular, in which, among other things, he urged Fremont's claims upon the Convention, promising 400,000 German votes which he said it would bring to the Democratic party. But, notwithstanding all this, the Democratic Convention had not even the compliment of a single vote to give Fremont, nor had a single one of its many orators the courtesy to speak a word in his behalf.

Of course, with the Chicago Convention goes the last hope of Fremontism as a practical movement. Outside of St. Louis it is dead. There is really nothing more left of it. And here it is only kept alive by the industrious use of a system of local meetings—a kind of stimulating process similar to that by which the sick are sustained—the doctors being mainly politicians who are in quest of nominations and office. We were perfectly satisfied at the outset that this would be the result of the movement, and have waited in patience to see our words verified.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

GEN. McCLELLAN'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

ORANGE, New Jersey, September 8.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter informing me of my nomination by the Democratic National Convention, recently assembled at Chicago, as their candidate at the next election for President of the United States.

It is unnecessary for me to say to you that this nomination comes to me unsought.

I am happy to know that when the nomination was made the record of my public life was kept in view.

The effect of long and varied service in the army, during war and peace, has been to strengthen and make indelible in my mind and heart the love and reverence for the Union, Constitution, laws, and flag of our country impressed upon me in early youth.

These feelings have thus far guided the course of my life, and must continue to do so to its end.

The existence of more than one government over the region which once owned our flag is incompatible with the peace, the power, and the happiness of the people.

The preservation of our Union was the sole avowed object for which the war was commenced. It should have been conducted for that object only, and in accordance with those principles which I took occasion to declare when in active service.

Thus conducted, the work of reconciliation would have been easy, and we might have reaped the benefits of our many victories on land and sea.

The Union was originally formed by the exercise of a spirit of conciliation and compromise. To restore and preserve it, the same spirit must prevail in our councils, and in the hearts of the people.

The re-establishment of the Union in all its integrity is, and must continue to be, the indispensable condition in any settlement. So soon as it is clear, or even probable, that our present adversaries are ready for peace, upon the basis of the Union, we should exhaust all the resources of statesmanship practiced by civilized nations, and taught by the traditions of the American people, consistent with the honor and interests of the country, to secure such peace, re-establish the Union, and guarantee for the future the constitutional rights of every State. The Union is the one condition of peace—we ask no more.

Let me add what I doubt not was, although unexpressed, the sentiment of the Convention, as it is of the people they represent, that when any one State is willing to return to the Union, it should be received at once, with a full guarantee of all its constitutional rights.

If a frank, earnest, and persistent effort to obtain those objects should fail, the responsibility for ulterior consequences will fall upon those who remain in arms against the Union. But the Union must be preserved at all hazards.

I could not look in the face my gallant comrades of the army and navy who have survived so many bloody battles, and tell them that their labors and the sacrifice of so many of our slain and wounded brethren had been in vain; that we had abandoned that Union for which we have so often periled our lives.

A vast majority of our people, whether in the army and navy or at home, would, as I would, hail with unbounded joy the permanent restoration of peace, on the basis of the Union under the Constitution, without the effusion of another drop of blood. But no peace can be permanent without Union.

As to the other subjects presented in the resolutions of the Convention, I need only say that I should seek in the Constitution of the United States, and the laws framed in accordance therewith, the rule of my duty, and the limitations of executive power; endeavor to restore economy in public expenditure, re-establish the supremacy of law, and, by the assertion of a more vigorous nationality, resume our commanding position among the nations of the earth.

The condition of our finances, the depreciation of the paper money, and the burdens thereby imposed on labor and capital, show the necessity of a return to a sound financial system; while the rights of citizens and the rights of States, and the binding authority of law over President, army, and people, are subjects of not less vital importance in war than in peace.

Believing that the views here expressed are those of the Convention and the people you represent, I accept the nomination.

I realize the weight of the responsibility to be borne should the people ratify your choice.

Conscious of my own weakness, I can only seek fervently the guidance of the Ruler of the universe, and, relying on his all-powerful aid, do my best to restore Union and peace to a suffering people, and to establish and guard their liberties and rights.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

Hon. HORATIO SEYMOUR, and others, Committee.

LETTER FROM GEN. GRANT.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
CITY POINT, Va., Aug. 16, 1864.

Hon. E. B. WASHBURNE—*Dear Sir:* I state to all citizens who visit me that all we want now to insure an early restoration of the Union is a determined unity of sentiment North.

The rebels have now in their ranks their last man. The little boys and old men are guarding prisoners, guarding railroad bridges, and forming a good part of their garrisons or intrenched positions. A man lost by them cannot be replaced. They have robbed the cradle and the grave equally to get their present force. Beside what they lose in frequent skirmishes and battles, they are now losing from desertions and other causes at least one regiment per day. With this drain upon them, *the end is not far distant, if we will only be true to ourselves. Their only hope now is in a divided North.* This might give them reinforcements from Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri, while it would weaken us. With the draft quietly enforced, the enemy would become despondent, and would make but little resistance.

I have no doubt but the enemy are exceedingly anxious to hold out until after the Presidential election. They have many hopes from its effects. They hope a counter-revolution. They hope the election of the Peace candidate. In fact, like Micawber, they hope for something to "turn up." Our peace friends, if they expect peace from separation, are much mistaken. It would be but the beginning of war, with thousands of Northern men joining the South because of our disgrace in allowing separation. To have "peace on any terms," the South would demand the restoration of their slaves already freed; they would demand indemnity for losses sustained; and they would demand a treaty which would make the North slave-hunters for the South; they would demand pay for the restoration of every slave escaped to the North.

Yours truly, U. S. GRANT.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION FOR MARYLAND.

Correspondence of the Evening Post.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 9th, 1864.

THE new Constitution goes to the people on the 12th and 13th days of October, for their judgment. Two days' voting was granted because of the delay that the taking of the purification oath will necessarily occasion. It will be adopted by a vote of three to one.

On the adjournment of the Convention the little knot of rebel slaveholders came out from their intrenchments in the rebel corner of the hall, and throwing down their arms, were cordially received by the loyalists and Abolitionists, and there was a general shaking of hands all round, and a confession on the part of the enemies to negro liberty, that they were satisfied with the result as being for their best interest against their will. Judge Chambers was the only one of them who left the Hall in a pet while the President was making his valedictory.

Gen. Goldsborough's farewell speech was a model of ardent love of negro liberty and justice to the victims of bondage. He was one of the largest owners of slaves on the Eastern Shore, and yet he is one of the most determined enemies of negro slavery in the country. He does not spare his fellow-workers in this past iniquity. His words are words of gall and wormwood to them, and good for their souls. He went off in a moment of temptation on the raid of the Convention against the newly-freed negro minor children, but he speedily saw the error of his vote, and united with the friends of justice to expunge the oppressive apprenticeship clause, so that not a vestige of slavery in any form is left in the new charter of our liberties.

The only defect in it is the absence of a clause abolishing the Black Code as applicable to free negroes, but much of that code will fall by legal construction of the new Constitution, for we are to have an Attorney-General for the State who will be the right sort of a man, and who will harmonize existing laws with the new order of things, so far as the disabilities of the colored race are concerned. Besides, nearly all of our Courts, high and low, are in favor of making all men equal before the law, without regard to color. But the new Legislature to be elected at the Presidential election, and to meet next January, are looked to, to wipe out every vestige of the Black Code from the statute books, and to protect the newly enfranchised colored citizens in the enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Their admission to political rights is a question for the next Convention.

Gen. Berry's Committee, appointed by the Convention in its last hour, on his motion, to wait on Mr. Lincoln to solicit him to recommend to Congress compensation to the slaveholders of this State for the freedom of their chattels, is only a tub to the whale, in view of his running for Congress against Ben Harris. The amendment giving no money, if any is voted by Congress, to any slaveholder, unless he takes the anti-rebel oath, killed the movement. Loyal slaveholders are opposed to the principle.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

WE are now sending out bills to subscribers in arrears for the STANDARD. Those who receive them will greatly oblige us by promptly remitting their dues. The expenses of publication have increased so much of late, that every dollar due from subscribers is needed to avert serious embarrassment. And if our friends, in sending their own subscriptions, would at the same time send us each the name and pay of one or more new subscribers, they would thereby render the most effective service to the cause, and do much to encourage the hearts and strengthen the hands of its managers. We are sure that many of our readers might, by an earnest trial, double and even quadruple the circulation of this paper in their respective neighborhoods. Will they not try?

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN AND ITS OMENS.

WE print to-day three very important documents. We record the firing of the three first guns of the battle about to begin. We mean the acceptance of Gen. McClellan, the manly and soldier-like letter of Gen. Grant from his Headquarters in the saddle, and the Delphic utterances of Mr. Seward at Auburn. The first is what might have been anticipated by any one who has watched the career of its writer, a compound of malignity, treason and cowardice—ready to betray his country, but not ready enough to content his chieftain at Richmond, nor the men who nominated him at Chicago in that chieftain's interest. The English of it is, that, if the Rebels, or any portion of them, show the smallest readiness to return to the Union, the house from which they had gone out is to be swept and garnished and made a fit residence for devils seven times worse than they were when they were exorcised. The constitutional rights of such States are to be guaranteed for the future; that is to say, slavery is to be secured to them by stronger warranty than ever before, and the control of the government of the country secured to them by the bonds of their slaves as aforetime. For this purpose we are to exhaust all the resources of statesmanship taught by the traditions of the American people. Unhappily, we know but too well what those resources of statesmanship have ever been—the surrender at discretion, at the first summons of the slaveholders, of every right which they chose to consider as inconvenient to slavery,

> "Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
> And rights submitted left them none to seize";

and this continued up to the last moment when they scornfully refused the proffer of the sacrifice of the poor remnant that the Republican party thought to save out of the fire by the election of Mr. Lincoln as the price of their remaining in the Union. They went out of it, but with no design of staying out. They meant to have been brought back in triumph, on the shoulders of their victorious legions of Democrats, and established forever on the throne of the nation, by the conquest of the North by their Northern troops, and with no bloodshed but that shed on Northern plains, and no devastation but that of Northern fields and cities. Happily, their hopes, though certainly not without every appearance of reasonable foundation, were dashed to the ground. Their Northern vassals were stunned into silence or surprised into hypocrisy by the Great Uprising of the Nation springing to their arms at the sound of the bombardment of Sumter. They and their masters discovered the difference between a People and a Faction in the Spring of 1861, and we rather think they are to make the discovery anew in the Autumn of 1864.

What Jefferson Davis expected George B. McClellan to do for him by force of bullets then, he expects him to do now by force of ballots. Arms having failed, negotiation is to be tried. The ignominious game which Gen. McClellan played in the interest of his benefactor, at Washington and in the Peninsula, not having resulted in the ascendancy of the rebellion, the arts of peace are now to be tried to bring about the same happy results. All that Gen. Grant indicates in his admirable letter—the restoration of their slaves already freed, indemnity for losses sustained and a treaty making the North slave-hunters for the South—would be granted as a matter of course. All this is implied in the formulas of "security to the Constitutional rights of all the States," and of "the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was." But besides this they would demand and obtain, according to the traditional statesmanship of the old state of things, the assumption of their debt, the restoration of the officers who deserted our flag and have fought against their country for three years, the right of taking and keeping their slaves wherever they might see fit, and such new guaranties as would secure to them the mastery of the nation. If McClellan be elected and they will consent to come back, they can have all this and whatever else their eyes can desire or their hearts imagine. They would be fools to come back for less, and whatever else we may think them, we cannot think them *that*. To all this the unterrified Democracy, as represented (or misrepresented) at Chicago, will most joyfully agree. But Gen. McClellan goes a step aside, lest he might disgust the portion of the party which has stood by the nation in its peril, and declares that if the rebels will not accept all the advantages of victory without further fighting, they must be compelled by force of arms to take them! If Jefferson Davis will not consent upon humble entreaty to set his foot upon our necks, he is to be forced to do so at the point of the bayonet. If the rebels will not suffer us to catch their slaves, and pay their debts and make good their losses, in answer to our prayers on our bended knees, they must be brought to their senses by cannon shot and charges of cavalry and volleys of musketry. This is too much for the section of the party which bullied the Convention into the adoption of its platform. Peace at once, is their cry, with Union at the cost of any imaginable submission, if possible, and if not, at the price of Disunion. The will of their Southern masters is to be done, whenever it is fully ascertained. Benjamin Wood, by his organ, the *Daily News*, has already denounced McClellan for his War spirit, as the *Herald* had denounced the platform for its want of it. He may fear that the proverbial consequence of rogues quarrelling may follow in this case. But let him possess his soul in peace. These quarrels will come to nothing, and he will have the support of everything that is vile, mean, profligate and traitorous in the land next November.

The letter of Gen. Grant we regard as the best campaign document yet issued—a document for the campaign in the field and at the polls. It breathes life and spirit into the nation, and disperses the fumes of doubt and fear which were beginning to arise in its mind. It shows that the last hope of the Rebels lies in the election of McClellan, and it is for that that they are striving to hold out until then. He is their accepted candidate, because they know that he will do their work. For they have no faith in his pluck and perseverance in whipping them into a victory over himself. If they do not choose to take his terms of peace, they know that he will take their terms of independence, when he is sure they are in earnest. The letter also shows that such a peace as Chicago would bring us would be but the beginning of endless wars. And its conclusion proves that the life-long Democrat has had his eyes opened by the war to the true nature and issues of slavery. Mr. Seward's speech is "a mingled yarn, good and bad together," as his speeches and writings are too apt to be. No fault can be found with the greatest part of it. It is a clear and forcible statement of the origin and conduct of the war and the designs and doings of the Copperheads at home. He gives a painfully true description of the disgraceful state of things at Washington at the time of Mr. Lincoln's accession. We remember but too well that dreadful Winter, but we should think it would not be a passage of history on which Mr. Seward would care to dwell. Some of us have a better memory of the history of America than Mr. Seward seems to have of that of Europe when he says that the Thirty Years' War grew out of a disputed Spanish Succession! He thinks that slavery is perishing under the operation of the war. Undoubtedly, it is; but it would revive again at once under the operation of a Copperhead peace. And he holds, too, that when the rebels have laid down their arms, "all war measures, *including those which affect slavery, will cease also*," and all questions, "*as well questions affecting slavery as others*, whether existing before the war *or arising out of it*, will pass over to the arbitrament of the courts of law and the councils of legislation!" We think Mr. Seward did well in disclaiming the authority of the President for what he said. The President affirms that every slave in the rebel country was freed on the First of January, Sixty-Three, by force of his Proclamation. If so, what questions relating to slavery remain to revert to the courts? Does not Mr. Lincoln's *premier* believe in the validity of the Proclamation he countersigned? If he do, why throw out these ambiguous voices? Is it to catch pro-slavery men by guile? The attempt is vain. It only disgusts anti-slavery men. It is offensive to God, without being well pleasing to the Devil. We wish he could be prevailed upon to make no more speeches and write no more letters, until Election is over.

We think, however, that everything looks favorably for the defeat of McClellan. Not that we lay much emphasis upon the defection of Vallandigham and his clique. They will be whipped back again into the traces. Their next instructions from Richmond will tell them to do nothing that shall make the election of Lincoln more probable. And, if they should remain sulking in their tents, they will not make a diversion great enough to affect the issue of the fight. Our hope lies in the great Nation which struck treason dumb and paralyzed its ready hand in 1861, by the glance of its eye and the thunder of its voice, as soon as it started up broad awake out of its deep sleep, bred of long peace and prosperity, at the sound of the first gun fired at the flag. We all recollect how the wicked exalted themselves and exulted in their strength in those evil days. How sure they were of the success of the slaveholding Confederacy, and how openly they conspired to help it, and to carry the best of the country over to it. How it looked as if freedom of speech and of the press were really in mortal danger. How the pro-slavery spirit seemed to pervade all classes of society, as it is certain that pro-slavery secret societies did. It was a dark time. But the flash of Edmund Ruffin's gun changed the darkness into marvelous light, and all the ill things that loved it vanished into air or slunk away into holes and caverns to hide themselves. And now that they are crawling forth again from their dens and seeking to sting the Nation to death, we cannot but think that the heel of the nation is yet heavy enough to bruise their heads. We do not believe that there are any more of them now than then, and we are confident that the number of those that would crush them is greatly multiplied. But these must be aroused and must be united, as they were three years and a half ago. Divisions must be healed, personal antipathies overcome, public griefs forgotton. If the North be but united as it was in that good time, the Northern allies of the Rebels will be as effectually annihilated now as they were then. And, this done, the burden and heat of the day will be over, the sowing of blood and tears will have sprung up to a harvest of enduring blessings, and thus the nation will enter upon a new life, crowned with strength, beauty and prosperity, never to end but with the consummation of all things.

A WONDERFUL CHANGE.

"THE CHILD'S PAPER," a small folio monthly sheet, filled with orthodox religious reading for children, has been published for twelve years by the American Tract Society (Nassau st., New York). It is elegantly printed, and each number is illustrated with wood engravings, by the best artists. Its circulation is immense. Not many months ago, the Society was careful to put in it no word or picture that could give offence to slaveholders and their apologists. It is different now, however. The most prominent picture in the number for the present month is the figure of a negro woman, upon whose face are descending the rays of the sun, emblematic of the new era of light and liberty for the colored race. The picture illustrates the following

STORY OF A SLAVE MOTHER.

DINAH was a slave mother. When her first baby was born, she did not rejoice over her darling as other mothers do.

"Ben," she said, "dis child a'n't ourn; it may be tuk from us and sold any day."

"Well," said poor Ben, "it may be der Lord's chile, if it a'n't ourn."

Twelve children were born to Dinah, bright, handsome, healthy, frolicksome babies, dear to Dinah's tender and loving heart, and they grew up children that a mother might well be proud of; but she had no part or lot in them. Home with its treasured affections was not for her. As they grew up, one boy and one girl after another were rent from her. Her mistress was often pressed for money; and when she had two or three hundred dollars to pay for the education and accomplishments of her children, the slave-trader would call, and laying down six or eight hundred dollars in gold and bills for Dinah's Lucy or George or Tom, they were sold.

"Selling my chil'en to pay for *her* chil'en," cried poor Dinah, in an agony of spirit.

"What is your gal worth?" asked the trader, eyeing one of Dinah's beautiful girls of fourteen years.

"Sir," said Dinah, bitterly, "she's worth to mo what your daughter is worth to you."

But the trader took no account of that. A slave mother's heart, a slave mother's tears, a slave mother's grief had no entry in his calculations. Then her husband's master sold out and moved away. He had lived on a neighboring plantation, and he took Ben with him, and Dinah heard of him no more. "Dere don't no letters go 'tween us," sobbed poor grief-stricken Dinah. "We can't write, and it is as good as being dead; no, no, not so good." The poor woman hugged her last little one to her bosom, and looking up to the sky, her whole face wore the look of that agonizing prayer of the Savior, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Ah, thou poor slave mother, God has neither forgotten nor forsaken thee or thy suffering people. Thy wrongs have come up before him. The blood of the poor crieth unto him.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children."

Strange as it may seem, this touching story, beautifully illustrated, is now printed and sent into thousands of Sunday schools and tens of thousands of families, by the very Society which, a few years ago, would not print a word against slavery, and systematically mutilated the works of English authors by omitting every anti-slavery line; its managers solemnly declaring that its Constitution placed them under obligation to pursue this course! The change is alike marvelous and significant, and in view of it Abolitionists may well thank God and take courage.

AN UNSCRUPULOUS ADVENTURER (an Englishman) named *Balme*, figured in this country for a time, several years ago, as a Baptist minister and an Abolitionist, and finally, after losing the confidence of everybody who knew him, returned to his native land, where, apparently, he has since endeavored to win notoriety by aspersing the character of American Abolitionists, especially of such as have been called to visit the mother country, and repeating the foolish charges of the rebels against the American government and the people of the North. He lately attempted to decry that estimable man, Levi Coffin, of Cincinnati, who is now in England for the purpose of collecting funds to be used for the benefit of the Freedmen. Mr. Coffin is a member of the Society of Friends, and his character is so well certified by eminent Americans well known in England, that the assaults of the slanderer have proved quite harmless. Mr. Balme pretends that he was driven from the North in consequence of his faithful opposition to slavery, and he therefore claims in England the honors due to a martyr. His stories, however, are of his own invention, and wholly unworthy of confidence.

BIBLE PRESENTATION TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

OUR readers will remember the description, which we published some time since, of an imperial quarto Bible, bound in the highest style of the art, and costing more than $600.00, which was intended as a present to President Lincoln from the loyal colored people of Baltimore. The following account of the presentation will be read with interest:

From the Washington Republican, Sept. 6.

This afternoon a Committee of the loyal colored people of Baltimore, Maryland, consisting of the following gentlemen: Rev. A. W. Wayman, chairman; Rev. S. W. Chase, Rev. W. H. Brown, Wm. H. Francis, and Albert G. Carroll, waited on the President for the purpose of presenting him with a copy of the Holy Bible. They were received by the President in his office, at the Executive Mansion.

Mr. R. Stockett Matthews, of the Third Electoral District of Maryland, introduced the Committee to the President, each one of whom he took by the hand, after which Rev. S. W. Chase, on the part of the Committee, said:

MR. PRESIDENT: The loyal colored people of Baltimore have delegated to us the authority to present this Bible, as a token of their appreciation of your humane part towards the people of our race. While all the nation are offering their tribute of respect, we cannot let the occasion pass by without tendering ours. Since we have been incorporated in the American family we have been true and loyal, and we now stand by, ready to defend the country. We are ready to be armed and trained in military matters, in order to protect and defend the Star-spangled Banner.

Our hearts will ever feel the most unbounded gratitude towards you. We come forward to present a copy of the Holy Scriptures as a token of respect to you for your active part in the cause of emancipation. This great event will be a matter of history. In future, when our sons shall ask what mean these tokens, they will be told of your mighty acts, and rise up and call you blessed.

The loyal colored people will remember your Excellency at the throne of Divine Grace. May the King Eternal, an all-wise Providence, protect and keep you, and when you pass from this world, may you be borne to the bosom of your Savior and God.

The President, in reply, said: "It would be a very fitting occasion to make a response at length to the very appropriate address which you have just made. I would do so if I were prepared. I would promise you to make a response in writing had not experience taught me that business will not allow me to do so. I can only say now, as I have often said before, it has always been a sentiment with me that all mankind should be free.

So far as I have been able, so far as came within my sphere, I have always acted as I believed was right and just, and done all I could for the good of mankind. I have in letters and documents sent forth from this office expressed myself better than I can now. In regard to the great book I have only to say, it is the best gift which God has ever given man.

All the good from the Savior of the World is communicated to us through this book. But for that book we could not know right from wrong. All those things desirable to man are contained in it. I return you my sincere thanks for this very elegant copy of this great book of God which you present.

The President spent some time in examining the present, and expressed himself highly pleased; and after a pleasant conversation the party separated—the President taking each of them by the hand as they passed out.

POLITICAL.

At the recent municipal election in Wilmington, Del., the Union party prevailed over the Copperheads by 450 majority, electing every candidate in every ward.

The Chicago *Tribune* learns from undoubted authority that Hon. Lewis Cass pronounces the Democratic platform a most ignominious surrender to the rebels, and says that he cannot support it.

Gen. R. C. Schenck has been renominated for Congress in the Third District of Ohio (Vallandigham's). Gen. Schenck is one of the strong men of Ohio, and will be triumphantly re-elected, Vallandigham to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mr. George Francis Train, says the *Tribune*, announces to an awe-struck world that he will not support McClellan and Pendleton. That is very natural. He further intimates that he will not support Lincoln and Johnson. That is very gratifying.

The loyal party, in the election on Monday, carried the State of Maine by the largest majority ever given there for any party. The majority for Governor was about 20,000. All the loyal candidates for Congress were elected—a gain of one from 1862. Five-sixths of the members of the Legislature are Republicans.

A Washington dispatch in the *Tribune* makes the following announcement: "A delegation of influential gentlemen from Missouri are now in the city, who think they will be able to harmonize all local differences between the Claybanks and Radicals of that State. They have had an interview with the President which has been most cordial and satisfactory."

The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune*, under date 12th inst., says: "Information, deemed trustworthy, is received, to the effect that Gen. Fremont has placed his letter of withdrawal in the hands of his friends, who will make it public at the proper time, and that before long." On the contrary, says the correspondent of the *World*, "All the stories that Gen. Fremont is about to withdraw from the field, or has written a letter to that effect, are ascertained, on the authority of a confidential friend of his, to be absolutely false."

A friend, writing to Col. R. B. Hayes, Union candidate for Congress in the Second District, Hamilton County, Ohio, suggested that he should procure a furlough to take the stump. That officer replied as follows:

"Your suggestion about getting a furlough to take the stump was certainly made without reflection. An officer fit for duty, who would at this crisis abandon his post to electioneer for a seat in Congress, ought to be scalped. You may feel perfectly sure I will do no such thing."

The Louisville correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "On the very day, Aug. 27, when Ex-Gov. W. B. Campbell, of Tennessee, along with Leslie Coombs, was haranguing the old women's preliminary Convention at Chicago against negro soldiery, and deprecating that 'though a Union man himself, his property and family in Lebanon were guarded by armed slaves while his wife and daughters had no protection from white men'—at that very time, Wheeler's troopers pounced upon Lebanon, and the Governor's son ran away, but those negro guards stood the shock, drove off the enemy, and saved his wife and daughters and home."

The Pittsburg *Gazette* says: "An attempt has been made to create the impression that Mr. Chase will not support Mr. Lincoln, but is in some manner connected with a hostile movement that has not yet developed itself. Reports of this character do Mr. Chase great injustice, and are totally at variance with the truth, as will shortly appear from the Ex-Secretary's own action. At no time has he occupied a position, entertained a purpose or uttered a sentiment that authorized such reports. He will give all his great influence to assist actively in electing Mr. Lincoln."

The canvass for the Presidency has opened in Maryland with much vigor, says the correspondent of the *Evening Post*. Public barbecues and speaking have been appointed for nearly every day from now till the election. The extreme probability is, the Jeff. Davis-McClellan party will make no show of resistance in the State. Whether they do or not, it will not affect the result, which will be for Lincoln and Johnson by a vote of at least five to one. All divisions among loyal men are healed or healing.

The Union party of this State have nominated for Governor Reuben E. Fenton of Chatauqua; for Lieut.-Governor Thomas G. Alvord of Onandaga; and for Presidential Electors at large Horace Greeley and Preston King. It is plain that Thurlow Weed did not manage the Convention this time, nor are these the nominations that are likely to please him. Mr. Greeley might have been Governor if he had not so frequently shown the "white feather," thus disgusting his best friends and giving encouragement to the Peace Democracy.

Says the Washington correspondent of the *Times*:

"Considerable curiosity is manifested here to know what Gen. McClellan means by the following sentence in his letter of acceptance: "The Union is the one condition of peace—we ask no more." Is it to be understood by this that if the rebels will agree to live with us again in the Union, the people of the North will surrender all the principles for which they have been fighting for the past four years?—that they will return to their masters all the negroes emancipated during the war?—that they will assume the Confederate war debt?—that they will indemnify rebels for losses occasioned by the war?—that they will agree to Jeff. Davis's proposition that the minority must rule?—or is the expression intended simply as a glittering generality? General, please explain."

The *Daily News*, the *Metropolitan Record* and the *Freeman's Journal*, the organs of the Peace Democracy in this city, all affect to be terribly indignant over McClellan's letter accepting the Chicago nomination. Vallandigham, too, is reported in a state of terrible wrath on the same account; and we observe that the *Tribune* and other Republican papers are foolishly flattering themselves that the Democratic party is hopelessly divided. No such thing. The Peace Democrats are only playing a game; when their pretence of hostility has served its purpose in furnishing the wavering War Democrats with an apology for going over to McClellan, they will themselves all come round to his support. They know right well that they can do more to promote McClellan's election by a simulated opposition than in any other way. Already Fernando Wood has declared McClellan to be his candidate, and promised to give him his "earnest and determined support."

George Thompson, Esq., delivered an anti-slavery address in Harwich, Mass., on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 4th. The church of the place proving too small to accommodate the people, the meeting was held in Exchange Hall. Mr. Thompson, says the Cape Cod *Republican*, closed his remarks by alluding to the approaching election. He spoke of President Lincoln as *the* man who was to bring the country out once more to the light, and efface the dark stain which has so long been upon it, and make it once more prosperous and happy. He said he did not advise any to act contrary to the dictates of their conscience, but from his long study of the history and welfare of this as well as other countries, he was himself fully convinced that the reelection of the present Chief-Magistrate, although he may have made mistakes, was the hope of our country for the future.

The Worcester Freedom Club has adopted resolutions inquiring of Secretary Seward the meaning of that passage in his Auburn speech of Sept. 3d, reported as follows, viz: "That when the insurgents shall have disbanded their armies and laid down their arms the war will instantly cease—and all the war measures then existing, including those which affect slavery, will cease also, and all the moral, economical and political questions, as well questions affecting slavery as others, which shall be then existing will, by force of the Constitution, pass over to the arbitrament of the courts of law and to the councils of legislation." The Club anxiously asks if the country is to understand by this that Emancipation, being a war measure, "will instantly cease" with the

Capitol, to commemorate the crowning virtue of Democratic institutions in the freedom of the slave."

Art VI., "The Two Carlyles," draws a sad but truthful contrast between the Carlyle of the Past and the Carlyle of the Present—between Carlyle the universal believer and Carlyle the universal sceptic—between him to whom the world was full of wonder and beauty and him who can see in it nothing but Force on the one side and Shams on the other! From this article—written, we are sure, by no other than David A. Wasson—we mean ere long to give our readers the benefit of some striking extracts.

—We call the attention of our readers to the Prospectus of the *Examiner* in another column.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, Sept. 12th, 1864.

THE papers have told you that we in Boston courteously complied with the President's request that the victories gained for the Union at Atlanta and Mobile might be duly celebrated. Certainly the importance of those victories is very great, both towards the overthrow of the rebellion and the success of Mr. Lincoln in the approaching Presidential contest. We had, of course, a Faneuil Hall meeting. Those who were inside can testify that it was densely crowded and overflowing with enthusiasm. The impatient waiters outside declared that a still larger number went away, unable to obtain admission. Your correspondent was prudent enough to go early, and fortunate enough to obtain a seat in the gallery. Those who stood upon the floor seemed to have strong and uncomfortable evidence forced upon them of the compressibility of matter, for, over and over again, after the hall seemed densely crowded, a strong impulse from without brought hundreds more within the doors, making a wave of movement up to the very platform, even as when the wind rippleth the surface of a field of flowering grass or bearded grain.

Governor Andrew was President of the meeting, and made some animated introductory remarks. Among the celebrities who spoke were our Senators, Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson, Mr. Rice, one of our Representatives in Congress, Ex-Governor Boutwell, and General Cutler of Wisconsin, an officer recently from the army. The soldier's speech gave great satisfaction to the audience, assuring them that such popularity as Gen. McClellan has with the Army of the Potomac will by no means suffice to make them vote for him as a candidate of the Chicago Convention, and a representative of the Chicago platform. Moreover, Gen. Cutler felt very confident that the desire of a great majority in the army is to make our present contest productive of *permanent* peace, and not to close the war without thorough assurance that no root of it is left, capable of springing up and bringing forth the same evil fruit, at least in our generation.

The speaking was vigorous and effective, and the cheering enthusiastic. Still it is to be noticed that the speeches, and the resolutions, and the letters from gentlemen of distinction who were unable to give their personal attendance, all represented mainly patriotism and loyalty, with comparatively little notice of slavery. They opposed the rebellion in the interest of the government, of public order, of the quiet, peace and prosperity of the country, but not specially in the interest of freedom. There were sundry incidental allusions to the evil and danger of slavery; but no speaker except Charles Sumner made this a prominent topic in his remarks. His speech, moderate in length, was very excellent, doing justice to the subjects both of slavery and peace.

The resolutions bore the same character that I have ascribed to the speeches; the only one of them which noticed slavery confining itself to a sanction of the Emancipation Proclamation, without the least hint either that much more remained to be done in that direction, or that the present Administration had shown any slackness in regard to further action. It is understood that the resolutions originally written were of a much more vigorous and satisfactory character in these respects, but that they were pruned of suggestions and expressions which might be unwelcome to the Administration, mainly through the influence of the Hon. Edward S. Tobey, President of the Board of Trade and of the "Christian Commission," so called. Probably his relation to these two bodies unites with the cast of his character and the current of his life in inducing him to treat slavery *tenderly*; and to handle it with such gentleness, even when the exigencies of national and commercial business require him to put a hook into it, as Izaak Walton recommends to his piscatory pupil respecting the management of a certain species of live bait—"as if he *loved* it." The sort of piety heretofore chiefly cultivated in this country has certainly acted, in the main, as the protector and guardian of slavery, up to the time of the rebellion. Its Southern disciples still hold this position. Its Northern professors have been moved by various considerations, temporal and spiritual, to go as far as the President does against slavery. But even their chastisements are inflicted with a kindly remembrance of the old alliance, and a glance at the possibility of its renewal in the future; and their prayers in regard to the peculiar institution show no little resemblance to their petitions for human transgressors, urging not speedy and utter destruction for it, but rather that present calamities may be sanctified to its good.

As usual in such meetings, there was no debate respecting the form or substance of the resolutions. They were passed by a very large vote, the chairman deeming it unnecessary to inquire whether there were any opposing voices.

Leaving this topic, I will give you a little incident which occurred before the opening of the meeting, in illustration of a change in the manners and customs of Boston, Massachusetts, and, I believe, New England.

You know that English travellers have often mentioned as noteworthy the distinguished consideration which women receive in this country. A Scotch woman of my acquaintance says: Happy the girl who gets a Yankee husband. Undoubtedly the custom of the country has been to give women a large allowance of privileges, however true it may be, on the other hand, that important rights have been withheld from them. Formerly, every man, old or young, rose to give every woman a seat in rail-car, church and public hall. After a while, women came to demand this concession as their right, and to take it without even thanking, by word or gesture, the stranger who had incommoded himself for their convenience. After this discourtesy had become general, men gradually fell into the practice which has now become customary here, of allowing women to stand when they arrive after all the seats are occupied, except in cases of age or infirmity.

Many women, however, still attempt to retain a portion of the old privilege, by occupying more than their proper proportion of space in a pew, hall or car, sometimes to save their voluminous garments from compression, and sometimes to keep places beside them for tardy friends. The case I am about to speak of belongs to the class last mentioned.

The gallery of Faneuil Hall seemed thoroughly filled when I went into it to attend the Union meeting above described. But on a more careful survey I saw three girls sitting together in one of the best places, and covering a space sufficient for four, and perhaps five, persons. I requested one of them to move one way or the other and give me a seat. Keeping her place, she answered—"This seat is reserved." I asked, "Who reserves it?" Receiving no answer except a repetition of the former statement, I asked again—"Who reserves it?" Immediately one of the party replied, in a sharp voice—"*I* reserve it, for my sister, who is expected every minute, and nobody else can have it." As I was considering whether or not to insist upon my claim as first comer, I caught sight of another possibility upon the same bench, and a gentleman who was sitting next to this party courteously made room for me. There was still half an hour before the time of opening the meeting, and several persons, arriving at intervals afterwards, made the same application that I had done, and got the same answer. At length, the attention of all those in the vicinity was fixed on the female garrison who so resolutely defended their post, and audible comments were made on the long delay of the expected "sister," and the right of a person present to a seat, in preference to one absent. At last, a young man, who had been made acquainted by these comments with the facts of the case, stepped over the bench and quietly sat down where the vacancy *ought* to have been. Two of the resolute young ladies, meantime, had closed up behind him with an aspect of the firmest determination; but as soon as they found him actually sitting in their laps, their view of the case altered, and they made a precipitate motion of withdrawal, leaving him the disputed seat, amid the amusement of those around.

One of the girls was separated by this movement from her companions, and was obliged to ask the newcomer to change seats with her, a request which he courteously granted.

Meanwhile, we were all anxious to see the arrival of the expected "sister." She did not arrive until a quarter of an hour after, and then appeared in very unexpected fashion, in male attire, with a well developed beard, and with hair parted and worn in decidedly a masculine rather than a feminine style. In spite of these peculiarities, the sisters received her in a most affectionate manner, and gave her a fair share of the space remaining to the party.

Last Sunday, the services of the "Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society of Boston" were resumed in the Melodeon, after the customary Summer vacation. They have engaged Rev. Mr. Calthrop, formerly of Marblehead, to preach to them until January next, when measures will probably be taken for the settlement of a permanent pastor.

The "Parker Fraternity" have published the programme of their seventh series of lectures, to be held in the Music Hall. The list of speakers is highly attractive, commencing with George William Curtis of New York, and ending with Henry Ward Beecher. The course is to commence on the 11th of October, and will contain ten lectures.

You will perhaps have seen that Professor Goldwin Smith, our distinguished English visitor, has received the degree of LL.D., at the late Commencement at Brown University. He merits attention and respect from all true lovers of this country, having done much in his own land to vindicate our cause, and dispel the erroneous estimate of it there prevailing.

NORTH.

FOOLISH GABBLE ABOUT PEACE.—The Washington *Union* (no other paper has the news!) of Sept. 10 says:

"We hear to-day, on the best authority, that Horace Greeley has again entered into correspondence with George N. Sandere, assuring him that Commissioners will be quietly sent, if desired by Messrs. Clay and Holcombe, to Richmond, to negotiate for peace without conditions precedent. The wary George, having had his fingers burnt once, has consulted the above gentlemen, and has written to Horace that Mr. Lincoln must withdraw his letter, 'To whom it may concern.' He probably will, as it is known that a great many leading men of the Republican party have been here latterly urging that Peace Commissioners be sent to Richmond."

To which Mr. Greeley responds:

"If such stuff does any one good, why not feed them on it? If 'the wary George' ever 'had his fingers burnt' as above, he certainly has not within the last six weeks, as we have heard nothing from him within that time. And if any one has been 'urging that Peace Commissioners be sent to Richmond,' we don't believe they are 'leading men' of any party. We would send Commissioners to Raleigh, to Milledgeville, to Montgomery, or almost any other Southern capital rather than to Richmond in quest of Peace."

THE MANCHESTER ADDRESS TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—The following letter from the American Minister at the Court of St. James to the Secretary of the Manchester Union and Emancipation Society explains itself.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, LONDON,
19th August, 1864.

SIR: I am requested to inform you that the resolutions passed by the Executive of the Union and Emancipation Society at Manchester, on the 4th of July last, which I had the pleasure to transmit to the President of the United States, have been received by him with the most grateful satisfaction. If there were need, the sympathy thus manifested in quarters so evidently disinterested and just, would inspire the government and people with new resolution to rescue their institutions from the dangerous abyss American slaveholders, aided by malevolent spirits both abroad and at home, have conspired to open before them. Believing that in perseverance they are promoting the ultimate interests of the human race everywhere, they draw satisfaction from a cheering recognition of their labors from all worthy sources.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

JOHN H. ESTCOURT, Esq., Chairman, etc., Manchester.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE will probably be resumed next week.

OBITUARY.

MARY WHITING.

Died, in Hartford, Ct., on Tuesday morning, Sept. 6th, of Dysentery, MARY WHITING, wife of Dr. L. M. Whiting, of Canton, Stark Co., Ohio. She came East to visit her kindred and the friends of her childhood, and to take home with her, on her return, a beloved daughter, who had been at school in Hartford. Almost immediately after her arrival in that city she became suddenly ill, and, after a few days of suffering, passed away, among strangers, "without one moment of delirium or confusion of intellect, looking calmly in the face of death as upon the countenance of one beloved, and in the most pleasant and quiet way, leaving messages of love to absent friends." Her husband, summoned by the telegraph, fortunately reached Hartford in time to soothe her last hours and receive her dying blessing. Her remains were taken to the home which so long owed its brightness to her genial presence, and on Sunday last consigned to the grave among those who best knew her worth.

For fifteen years Mrs. Whiting was one of our intimate friends, and her death is to us a sore bereavement. Her surviving husband and daughters have our deepest sympathy in this hour of trial and sorrow. The memory of her virtues and of her devotion to the cause of freedom and humanity, and the assurance that she lives to greet them in a brighter and a better world, will now be their only, and at the same time, let us hope, their unfailing consolation.

WILLIAM B. WILSON.

Died, in the city of Trenton, 8th of 12th month, 1864, WILLIAM B. WILSON. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," and we feel the comfortable assurance that it was the happy case with our departed friend, he having been concerned to walk in that path which leads to peace, dealing justly with all, and bearing a testimony against oppression of every kind. E. H.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

The war news this week may be told in few words. A battle is daily expected between Grant and Lee. From Tennessee, we have news of the defeat and death of John Morgan, the noted guerilla, and the scattering of his forces. From Mobile, there is news that Farragut has already removed part of the obstructions at Dog River Bar. Affairs in the Shenandoah have undergone no material change. Sherman has returned to Atlanta to give his troops needed rest, and to fortify the place.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

STORY OF AN ESCAPED CONTRABAND.

An army correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* gives the following story of a negro who came into the lines a few days since:

"I's been wi' rebs and 'scaped. I was in Stoneman's raid, sah, and dey capshod us. Only two ob us boys 'scaped. Dey dug a long ditch and made all de niggers stand in it, and den dey took a cannon and fired right 'long de ditch and killed all at once. Two hundred were in it. Dey all fell right back in de ditch, and de reba made de Yankee prisoners shovel dirt on 'em."

Those are his words as near as I can give them. To Anglicise the story would, I think, take away its impressiveness. The boy is dressed in Federal uniform, and has evidently been in rough service; whether the shocking tale he tells can be relied upon I don't pretend to say. To us it sounded very much like truth.

COLORED OFFICERS.

We learn from Washington that the War Department has authorized Col. Dudley of the Mass. 30th to raise a brigade of colored troops in New Orleans, *to be officered by colored men.* The officers will be selected by Col. Dudley, subject to the approval of Gen. Canby. The troops will not count on the quota of any State.—*Commonwealth.*

ONE-THIRD OF THE SLAVE ELEMENT IN THE FEDERAL SERVICE

IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, Va.,
Wednesday, Sept. 7th, 1864.

It is estimated that at least one-third of the slave element of the South has now been converted into the Federal service, military and civil, and that this element now constitutes nearly one-third of the Federal force employed, directly and indirectly, in the suppression of the rebellion. The colored element in our armies, particularly in the labor department, can hardly be realized outside of the army limits. It may be safely said, in this respect, that our armies are about one-third eclipsed. A few more such digs as Atlanta and Mobile will bring us a large proportion of the other two-thirds of the black diamonds of the sunny South. Where then will the chivalry be, to say nothing about any more Northern levies?—*Tribune.*

PATRIOTISM AT MEMPHIS.

St. Louis, Sept. 10.—The negroes at Memphis having expressed a desire to assist in the defence of the city, Gen. Washburn has authorized the organization of a regiment of colored troops for that purpose.

NEGRO PRISONERS.

From the Richmond Sentinel of Aug. 27th.

Negro prisoners of war to the number of eighty-two were received yesterday from Petersburg, and were turned into the negro pen adjoining the Castle. They were captured in the assault upon our works, after the explosion of the mine on the 30th of July, and are the most squalid, dirty, and woe begone looking set of wretches that ever darkened the Castle gate. They hail mostly from Maryland, Delaware and Virginia, and all, without a single exception, expressed the earnest desire to be returned to their masters.

In this connection it is proper to state that general order No. 38, in relation to the disposition of slaves from Maryland and Delaware, captured from the enemy, has been revoked, and, agreeably to instruction from the Secretary of War, slaves captured from the enemy, and belonging to citizens of Delaware and Maryland, residing in the Confederacy, will be delivered up to them upon proper claim and satisfactory evidence, as in other cases.

THE NEGRO SOLDIERS' ANSWER TO GEN. SHERMAN.

It is to the negro troops at Dalton that Gen. Sherman now owes the safety of his vital "line of communications." When Col. Laibold, with 500 men, was beleaguered there by 5,000 rebels, Gen. Stedman arrived with reinforcements. A colored regiment was ordered to charge the rebels:

"With a ringing cheer," says the dispatch, "and an impetuous rush, which was irresistible, they charged upon the rebels, who broke and fled in the utmost confusion."

That was the way the negroes answered Gen. Sherman's assertion that they were not fit for soldiers.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

OUR NEGRO REGIMENTS.

From the Congregationalist.

More than a year has elapsed since negro regiments were fairly brought into the field. There has been ample time to test their courage, their intelligence, their physical capacities, and all their soldierly qualities. If they have stood the trial well, why not have more of them? If they are deficient, let the public know wherein.

I have recently had an opportunity to examine pretty thoroughly the condition of twenty negro regiments in the Department of the Gulf, raised partly from free men and partly from slaves, some raised in Missouri and some in Louisiana, some employed in fort and garrison duty, and some in the field. Many of my theories have been rudely overthrown, many of my prejudices swept away. My object is to give your readers a correct idea of their present condition.

Their courage no one can doubt. Port Hudson, Fort Wagner and Petersburg have settled that point. Let any man stand on the bluff at Port Hudson and see the ground over which the 1st Louisiana, now the 73d U. S. C. I., made their charges on the memorable 14th of June, and learn all they did on that bloody and ill-ordered day, and he will be ready to affirm their bravery. But mere animal courage is by no means all that is needed by the soldier. Discipline, soldierly ambition, zeal for the cause, all are necessary to make the *best* soldiers.

The discipline of the regiments is as good as it can be, with the many drawbacks which they are compelled to encounter. If orders had been issued that the negroes were not to be made soldiers, they could hardly be less drilled in the manual of arms. A recent order of Gen. Thomas that they should do only their proper share of fatigue duty, such as trenching and unloading boats, is wholly ignored. They are frequently unable to find time to drill. Their clothing is worn and soiled by their muddy work, and they cannot show on parade like regiments who get full pay and light duty. Whenever a good opportunity is given them, they drill finely. The drill of the 14th R. I. provoked the emulation of every white regiment that saw it. The guard-mount of the 76th U. S. C. I. at Port Hudson is in every respect equal to that of the 1st Regulars in New Orleans. But they are more forgetful and need more practice than whites, and as they get much less, they are deficient in the manual of arms. They are far more obedient and respectful than white troops generally, particularly in this Department, where one seldom sees a soldier salute an officer.

Their soldierly ambition would be good if there were anything to tempt it. But while soldiering only involves hard work and poor pay, while government withholds the increase voted months ago, while the most ambitious can never attain to a commission, it is not strange that they are not very enthusiastic. Their officers are discouraged. They are socially *tabooed* by many of the officers of white regiments; they are called to the trenches oftener than to the field; they see no honors to be won, and naturally they are depressed. The recent order consolidating regiments and mustering out officers seems very hard to their officers, especially as they must be examined to see whether they are competent to hold places already held by them for months. Most of them will quit the service in disgust. And in justice let it be said that these officers average better than in most white regiments. Many of them have conscientiously labored to do good in their commands, but their hearts have failed them. The mountain load of prejudice and opposition has crushed them completely. Only a few are willing to labor and to wait.

Physically the blacks are vastly inferior to the whites. Contrary to the general notion, they do not acclimate so readily, bear exposure so well, nor enjoy any exemption from the ordinary diseases of the camp. They are less likely than whites to recover from a severe illness. Lung diseases are very common and very fatal among them. The mortality in some regiments is almost incredible. 250 have died in six months from a single regiment raised in Missouri, not a man of whom was killed in battle. 65 died in a single month from a regiment 650 strong. One cause of this is to be found in the original constitution of the regiments, when old and young, strong and feeble, were swept indiscriminately into the ranks. Surgeons were compelled to pass men who were never fit to do a day's duty, and if one surgeon was too conscientious, another was found who would certify to anything to win favor or gain money. Another cause is the want of intelligence in the men. They know nothing of the laws of health, their appetite is craving, and they know nothing of self-denial. A large proportion of them eat their full rations, and spend all their wages at the sutler's. A man in hospital watches his chance to steal out, and cram himself with all manner of trash. There is a marked difference in favor of the free regiments in this respect. They are healthier, cleaner, better drilled, and in every respect better soldiers than the slave regiments. So the city regiments are superior to the country, the men being generally more intelligent. The notion of natural adaptation to climate seems exploded. The most intelligent man will be the healthiest man wherever you put him, will do more work, stand more exposure, bear more privations than the uneducated man, no matter what the physical characteristics of the latter may be.

The education of the negroes progresses, in spite of great obstacles. Only one regiment in four has a chaplain at his post, and the detailed regimental instructors have done very little, partly from lack of interest on the part of commanding officers, partly from the steady and laborious employment of the men. Wherever leisure and opportunity have been given they have progressed rapidly, and the thirst for knowledge is often intense. Late in the night, by the camp-fire or in the tent, you may see the dusky visages bending over the pages of the spelling-book, and hear stammering tongues pronouncing the story of Jesus of Nazareth.

The enlistment of colored troops in this department has almost ceased. Lessees of government plantations, who are generally the pets of some officials, need their help, and the recruiting-officer must no longer visit the plantation. Rumor has it that this order of things came into existence about the time when Gen. Thomas's son leased a large plantation. A recent order permits enlistments under certain conditions, but it is feared that it will amount to little.

The negro regiments have done all that could be expected of them. When properly officered and cared for, they have proved themselves men. But without care, without discipline, without honorable treatment, they have done ill, as other men will do, and to a greater degree, because the natural intelligence of the men does not supply the defects occasioned by official neglect and blundering. They can do far better if they have a chance. It is for the North to see that they have it. LEON.

New Orleans.

THE COLORED TROOPS IN GRANT'S ARMY.

From the Colored Correspondent of the Philadelphia Press.

HEADQUARTERS 2D BRIGADE, 3D DIVISION,
18TH ARMY CORPS, Sept. 4, 1864.

Everything is as quiet as one could wish in this part of the army of the James. The troops are enjoying, without any fear of being struck by a passing bullet, the satisfaction of an improved healthy state in camp. Sunday morning has dawned, with as much observance for the day as is possible in camp. The colored troops are nearly all professors of religion, and during the week manifest their faith in those animating prayer-meetings so peculiar to the race.

Day before yesterday this part of the army was officially informed that Atlanta was captured and a great victory had been gained. The cheers of the colored defenders about division headquarters (it should be remembered that the 3d Division is entirely composed of negro troops) were loud and prolonged. The different regiments in camp were soon electrified with the news, and caught up the subsiding cheers from headquarters and made the welkin ring with rejoicings and congratulations, until the spirit of enthusiasm reached the outermost pickets, who joined in the shouts of exultation. The rebels in the woods opposite to our pickets rushed out inquiring what was the matter with the Yankees, and when informed that it was owing to the fall of Atlanta they forgot to return thanks for a courteous reply to their question.

One of those accidents proceeding from carelessness, or, perhaps, in this instance, recklessness, occurred in the camp of the 38th United States Colored Troops on the 2d, and resulted in the death of two men and slightly wounding three others. It appears that an unexploded shell was found near the camp of the 38th, which in some way excited the curiosity of some of the men. They were warned against it, and in order to prevent danger, a sergeant unscrewed the fuse plug and threw it away. Isaiah Wilson looked for and found it, and foolishly began to refit it, when the shell exploded, killing Wilson and Philip Woodland, and slightly wounding Frederick Fenwick, Frederick Cole, and Denson White, all of Company B.

Joseph Haskins and Robert Beesly, members of the 5th U. S. C. T., deserted to the enemy on the morning of the 2d instant. The 5th was recruited in Ohio, and to the credit of the loyal colored population of that State, it should be understood that these deserters did not come from that State, but were enlisted at City Point, together with several other contrabands, while the regiment was located at that place. These two with Spencer Brown, whom I announced in a former dispatch, the first desertions which have occurred among the colored troops to the enemy, have very naturally suggested many conjectures as to the cause, but as they are all speculation, I will mention but two, in no way holding myself responsible for their correctness: Some say it was the bad treatment of company commanders, while others affirm that it is the result of placing contrabands in a regiment of free colored men. There are regiments in this division, the men of which are so firmly attached to their officers that not the slightest fear is entertained that they will desert. There must be a cause, though by no means a justification, for such a vile act, which the authorities will learn, if they deem the matter worthy of an investigation.

BEFORE PETERSBURG, Sept. 5, 1864—6 a.m.

Brig.-Gen. Birney, commanding the 3d Division, 10th Army Corps, is now quite ill with the dysentery, and, with a view to assist in his recovery, he has been removed to the Chesapeake Hospital at Fortress Monroe. The absence of this gallant officer is a source of serious regret to the colored troops, who have the most implicit confidence in God and Gen. Birney. Col. Howell, of the 85th Pennsylvania Volunteers, is the temporary commander of the division.

The colored bands attached to the 22d and 8th U. S. C. T. were discoursing excellent music yesterday evening till dark. The band of the 8th, under the instruction of Captain Joseph Anderson, the leader of Frank Johnson's famous band, has progressed to an efficiency in music which has endeared it to the officers and men of that excellent regiment, and is calculated to surpass in correct playing any of the similar institutions which have had their existence in this rebellion. Capt. Anderson is still instructing them, though they can execute, to the satisfaction of competent judges, some forty pieces of scientific music. He will probably visit Philadelphia in a day or two, from which city he has been absent since the 8th Regiment left Camp Penn, about nine months ago.

NORTH OF THE JAMES RIVER, Sept. 7, 1864.

One of the rebel pickets a day or two ago advanced, unarmed, of course, to the post of a colored sentinel. He immediately hauled out a large piece of tobacco, which would cost in this army about two dollars, and begged that the dark-skinned soldier would give him one biscuit, or hard tack, as it is known here, to eat. He merely informed the reb that it was against orders to make exchanges with their enemy, and to the persistent and repeated entreaties of this hungry Confederate he turned a deaf ear. After Johnny found he could not persuade the colored soldier to furnish him with a biscuit, he went away cursing him for refusing to meet his wishes. It is very difficult, in fact, generally impossible, to induce a colored soldier to swerve one iota from the instructions he may receive towards awakening the inhabitants of Jefflom to a fearful realization of their assumed position.

One of the best evidences of confidence in the valor of colored troops is manifest in the fact that they are entrusted with holding the right of our line, which is the nearest point we possess to Richmond. Their character for fighting and discipline is established, and henceforth they may be expected to take a part in all the grand engagements along this line. They are anxiously waiting for the opportunity to meet the enemy, as, independent of the affair of government, many of them have a private account which they are determined to settle at the first opportunity. ROLLIN.

NEGROES AS SUBSTITUTES FOR HORSES!

A gentleman named Mason, who was the proprietor of a farm and a flour-mill and saw-mill on Stony Creek, below Petersburg, Va., lately made his escape to the North. He says that in consequence of the breaking of the Weldon railroad by Grant, a great portion of the rebel munitions of war and supplies, from Wilmington and the South, after reaching Goldsboro, are run over the North Carolina road to Raleigh, thence over the Raleigh and Gaston Road to Manson, and thence over the Roanoke Valley Road to Clarksville, and from that point drawn in wagons to Scottsburg, on the Richmond and Danville Road, a distance of sixteen miles, where they are again transferred to the cars for Richmond and Petersburg; while large quantities are transported by the usual route as far as Stony Creek, on the Petersburg and Weldon Road, where they are landed and conveyed over the wagon roads by circuitous routes to Petersburg. They can muster but a limited number of wagons, and horses and mules have become very scarce throughout the Confederacy. As soon as the railroad was broken, they impressed in Dinwiddie and Sussex Counties everything that could possibly be made useful in the transportation of supplies. They even, for want of horses, mules and oxen, formed teams of negroes, and, assigning sixteen to a wagon, compelled them to draw a load equal to that generally drawn by four horses. They are geared, Mr. Mason says, in the following manner: two men, called "guides," are placed on the wagon-tongue, one on each side, near the end, to steer, and when passing a descent to act as brakemen to prevent the wagon taking too great speed. To the butt of the tongue is attached a rope running through a ring at the end and extending about eight yards beyond it. To the rope and crossing it slats of strong wood are fastened about a yard apart, and men in pairs, one on each side of the rope, are placed to press—for it is supposed they can push more than they can pull—the slats forward, thereby drawing the wagon after them. A "conductor," whose duty it is to see that no man, or no pair of men, loafs upon his fellows, has charge of each wagon. Strange to say, these drivers, though Southern white men, are obliged to walk.

These negroes, Mr. Mason says, perform their labor quite cheerfully. They are allowed from three gills to a pint of "Rebel Lightning" (corn whiskey) per day, and go their way joking and singing, making better time than is usually made in army trains by horse power. Army trains generally move over good roads about two miles an hour, while these negroes, Mr. Mason asserts, will make ten miles in three hours, and, with a half hour intermission for rest and refreshments, be as fresh, as strong and as lively on the road as before.

Yet it is not to be apprehended that the rebels will regard them as a profitable substitute for horses, since it requires sixteen of them to do the work of four horses, or four the work of one horse; while, according to the market value, the worth of these chattels is reversed—one negro being equal to four horses.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

GEN. SAXTON'S CARE OF THE FREEDMEN IN HIS DEPARTMENT.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES, DISTRICT OF BEAUFORT,
BEAUFORT, S. C., Aug. 27, 1864.

To the Freedmen in the Department of the South:

In a time of plenty and prosperity, a wise man lays up in store out of his abundance something for a time of need in the future, that he may not be found like the foolish virgins without oil in his lamp. In these days of your prosperity, when your fields are fruitful and cotton brings almost a fabulous price; when colored soldiers receive full pay and rations equal to that which our government gives to her bravest and best; when large bounties are paid to those who were lately slaves who now enlist in her service, and the humblest laborer is acknowledged to be worthy of his hire, it is your duty to provide against a future time of need in such a way as to sustain the Administration which, under Providence, has brought you all these blessings, and to prevent your families or yourselves from ever becoming a tax upon its bounty. To accomplish this end, and to enable you to have a safe depository for your money, I have appointed Capt. J. P. Low, A. Q. M., as President, Lt. A. P. Ketchum, A. D. C., as Treasurer, and Mr. S. L. Harris, Cashier of a Savings Bank for your benefit. All the funds you deposit in this bank will be at once invested in safe and valuable United States Government Securities. You will thus have a secure place of deposit for your money, where it will yield you a fair rate of interest, and will at the same time indirectly aid in sustaining the government which is doing so much for you. The South Carolina Freedmen's Savings Bank is located in the town of Beaufort. All the colored people who deposit their money in it will take a receipt from the Treasurer for the amount, and can feel assured that it will be returned to them again with interest when called for.

The Superintendents and Teachers of the Freedmen, and all others who feel an interest in their welfare, are requested to explain this circular so far as possible to those under their charge.

R. SAXTON, Brig.-Gen., Military Governor.

HEADQUARTERS, MILITARY GOVERNOR,
BEAUFORT, S. C., Aug 30, 1864.

I. It has been reported to these Headquarters that persons are now in this Department who are contracting with the Freedmen for the purchase of their cotton in advance of the harvest, at certain rates agreed upon now between the parties, which rates it is believed are much below its probable value when it shall be ready for market. And as the ignorance of the people of the real value of their cotton may cause them to make contracts to their own injury, it is hereby ordered

1. That no such contracts will be considered legal or binding upon the people.

2. There is hereby affixed to the entire crop of cotton raised, or to be raised this year, in the Department of the South, a lien in favor of the laborers upon said cotton crop and to the full extent of the amount due them for their labor on said crop; and whether said amount due them, as by agreement with their employers, was to be paid them in money, or by share of the crop, or both.

3. Before any cotton raised on the plantations in this Department be shipped, a permit must be obtained from these Headquarters, where satisfactory evidence will be required that all just claims of laborers and producers have been settled.

4. Any person purchasing cotton from Freedmen must obtain from the General Superintendent of the Division in which such Freedmen live, a certificate that such purchase was fairly made, with due regard to the interests of the Freedmen and to the market value of the crop. This certificate must accompany every application to ship cotton.

5. The General Superintendents must obtain from each Freedman, at the time of sale, the number of acres of cotton cultivated by him, and in case his total crop should appear so largely in excess of that ordinarily produced to the acre as to justify the suspicion of fraud, or that he had stolen from his employer, no certificate will be given until a full and satisfactory investigation is made.

II. Violations of the foregoing regulations will involve the seizure and sale of the cotton at auction for the benefit of the laborers; and all persons concerned in shipping any of the aforesaid cotton without permission from these Headquarters, will expose themselves to arrest and punishment, and their property to seizure and confiscation.

By order of R. SAXTON,
Brigadier General and Military Governor.
[Official] S. W. SAXTON, Captain and A. D. C.

AN UNPLEASANT POSITION.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Sept. 6th, 1864—Evening.

Yesterday a party of colored recruits arrived here, and on their way to their regiments got rather nearer to the front than they had calculated. In passing along an open space near Fort Warren, the rebels obtained a view of them, and threw a shell or two into their midst, causing such a scattering among them that it was really ludicrous. Abandoning their guns, knapsacks, etc., they flew towards the fort, in front of which is a ditch six or seven feet wide, and as many deep with mud and water. Into this they piled as fast as they could, one on top of another, evidently thinking they would be safe there, while the men in the fort rushed out and reaped quite a harvest of knapsacks, etc., which lay in the road. The officer in charge of the recruits seems to have first reached the trench, and endeavored to prevent the men from following him, ordering them to "rally." When the officer was asked what he was doing there, he said he had not been under fire for some months, and was rather nervous at his close proximity to the enemy. Considerable effort was required to extricate the party from their somewhat unpleasant position, after which they left to join their commands.—*N. Y. Times.*

Summary.

The exterior of the great Dome of the Capitol in Washington was completed on Saturday, and the immense derrick removed. Work will be immediately resumed upon the interior, the completion of which will require several years.

Fernando Wood said in a late speech at Dayton, Ohio, that if by offering up his life he could stop the bloodshed that is now afflicting the country, he would cheerfully do so. An appreciative Irishman in the crowd earnestly responded—"It wud be damned chape."

The New York *News* claims "The Star-Spangled Banner" as a Democratic song because the wife of George H. Pendleton is the daughter of the writer. By parity of reasoning, one might assume that Virginia is a loyal State because Washington was born in it.

A North Carolinian, who deserted to our lines, says that an awful condition of things exists in that State. Almost every day the citizens, in greater or less numbers, come in conflict with the Home Guard, kept there to arrest deserters and enforce the conscription. He says that he was conscripted about three weeks ago, and was shot at five times before he was captured and carried off.

It will take till 1868 to finish the tunnel under Lake Michigan, at Chicago, to supply that city with water. The tunnel is to extend two miles under the lake, and as yet only about 400 feet are completed. The engineers' estimates and agreements were all made before the rise in prices, so that the contractors are doing the work at a heavy loss.

FEMININE BAGGAGE.—There is a New Yorkeress at the Fort William Henry Hotel, Lake George, whose *impedimenta* (as Cæsar denominates baggage) consists of twenty-six trunks, and another who rejoices in "toting around" sixteen trunks. Between the two the dress competition is very lively.—*Home Journal.*

Two McClellan men crossing the Wall Street Ferry Saturday morning, when the news of the victories at Atlanta was known—one said privately to the other, "Well, we will elect Little Mac *in spite of all the victories!*" What a confession! The Democrats have no hope of getting into power except by the success of the rebellion.—*Tribune.*

DISLOYALTY REBUKED.—We learn that Gov. Andrew has issued a *supercedeas* removing Edwin F. Corey, of New York, from the office of Commissioner of Deeds for Massachusetts. The removal is mainly on the ground that said Corey is notoriously disloyal, a sympathizer with secession, advocating disunion, opposing the war, etc. We rejoice at the Governor's promptness.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Colonization Society having come to a standstill, Mr Pinney, its Secretary, took a long vacation, borrowed a few thousand dollars, went out to Kansas, hired lands and negroes, and went to raising cotton, and now at the end of six months reports a prospective profit of a quarter of a million of dollars. Perhaps, too, an idea that something better can be done for and with the negro than to send him to Africa.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Post* says Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thumb have a baby three months old. It cries and snarls just like grown people's babies, and it gives promise of attaining the ordinary dimensions of humanity if it gets through teething and such like safely. Mr and Mrs Thomas are going to Europe soon to be exhibited. Increased family expenses, you see.

HON. J. R. HOLCOMBE, one of the Clifton House diplomats, was in St. John, N. B., last week, where he expressed his belief (as related in the St. John *Telegraph*) that "if McClellan was nominated at Chicago an armistice would follow; and, an armistice once secured, there would be no resumption of fighting—that both sides were too weary of war to take up arms again." But as to the Democratic talk of "Peace and Union," he said that "peace might come—but Union never."

RUNAWAY KENTUCKY SLAVES SHOT AND CAPTURED.—For some time past quite a number of slaves have run away from their homes in this and other Counties along the line of the Ohio river, between here and Cincinnati, and are sent North no doubt as subsitutes for those who are for "a vigorous prosecution of the war." A negro, who has been for some time engaged in assisting them to cross the Ohio river in the vicinity of Utica, Indiana, has been captured (but not before a chase and being shot in the thigh) and handed over to the authorities. It is said he has been instrumental in causing the escape of a great many slaves in this and Oldham Counties.—*Louisville Democrat.*

ANOTHER "FEMALE GENTLEMAN."—A correspondent writes: "Miss Sallie M. Monroe, of New Berlin, Chenango County, New York, a practising physician of the hydropathic school, has permanently adopted the masculine attire—not merely bloomers—but the veritable dress of a gentleman, from hat to boots. So, the *ultima thule* of the dress reform has been reached at last! Miss Monroe, who makes a fine looking cavalier, either on horseback or on foot, usually wears a blue coat and buff waistcoat, with plain flat gilt buttons, pantaloons, boots and hat, all good cut. She is a young lady of irreproachable character, skilful in her profession, brave, energetic, ambitious, and eminently self-reliant. She wears the masculine in preference to the feminine dress, because she conceives the former to be better adapted to the active duties of her profession."—*Home Journal.*

AN UNFORTUNATE ALLUSION.—Judge Amos Parker, discussing last night at the McClellan meeting the hopelessness of the task of putting down the rebellion, said: "*The backbone of the rebellion* has been broken a thousand times, and always afterwards the rebellion springs up with new vigor." This was an unfortunate slip of the tongue, for it happened that the silly phrase which he rightly ridiculed was first brought into use by Gen. McClellan, and on a memorable occasion. On the 12th of September, 1861, McClellan ordered General Banks to arrest the Maryland Legislature; and in his letter he wrote: "If this is successfully carried out, it will go far towards breaking the backbone of the rebellion." This was, we believe, the first public use of this extremely foolish phrase. It was fully coined by a "Young Napoleon."—*Evening Post.*

CHAMBERSBURG RISING FROM ITS ASHES.—The people of Chambersburg are preparing to r

Miscellaneous Department.

LITTLE BELL.

"He praveth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird and beast."—*Coleridge.*

PIPED the blackbird on the beechwood spray—
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he.
"What's your name? O stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid, with showery curls of gold!"
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks—
Tossing aside her gleaming, golden locks—
"Bonny bird!" quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest one I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped—you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird—
Full of quips and wiles;
Now so round and rich, now so soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All of sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shone forth in happy overflow
From the blue bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree,
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of fear—
While bold blackbird piped that all might hear—
"Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern—
"Squirrel! squirrel! to your task return—
Bring me nuts!" quoth she.
Now away! the frisky squirrel hies—
Golden wood-lights gleaming in his eyes—
And a down the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap drop one by one—
Hark! How blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell!" quoth he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade—
"Squirrel, squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,
Bonny blackbird, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel, eager for his fare—
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share—
Ah! the merry three!

And the while the frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All of sweetness seemed to grow, and grow,
Shining out in happy overflow,
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray.
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this"; the angel said,
"That with happy heart, beside her bed,
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, O! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, dear Bell," crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angel's care;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm—love deep and kind
Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee."

—*London Athenæum.*

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

From the Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle.

THE power of one man in the moral work of the world has never perhaps been better exemplified than in the life and labors of William Lloyd Garrison. Poor, obscure, and friendless, he begun more than thirty years ago that crusade against slavery which he has never since relinquished, and which is now on the point of culminating in success. Garrison had to contend with not merely evil and the love of it, but with poverty also. Never had any man's labor a more inauspicious beginning. Public opinion was against him, all the political parties were against him, the Churches were against him, even trade and commerce were against him. Morality in that day was at its lowest ebb in all the North. Men made a profit of wrong, and the Churches kept peace with crime. Evil appeared good, good appeared evil, and society was satisfied. Merchants made cent per cent. in the slave trade, priests preached to slaveholding congregations, slavery sat in Congress and occupied the Presidential chair, Abolitionism had neither name nor existence. William Lloyd Garrison had greater work before him than even our English Abolitionists had; for America had become familiar with slavery, had seen it in the streets and at the auction mart, and had scarcely an idea that it differed in any respect from any other existing social custom. Slavery was unknown in England, had only a colonial existence, concerned no more than a class; but in America it was part of the social system—all classes had touched the pitch and had become defiled. The vested right in wrong was almost universal; and those who made no profit of the evil thing prudently held their peace for the most part, lest they should lose their personal popularity. But Garrison was neither appalled at the magnitude of the obstacles before him nor abashed by the contemplation of the insignificance of his resources. He begun his labors with the assistance of a negro boy. He had no money to pay for the printing of his *Liberator;* and if he had had money, no "respectable" tradesman in Boston could perhaps have been induced to print his paper for him. With the assistance of the negro boy, he printed it himself. For a long time the profits of the paper were so small—nobody thought in those days of reading an anti-slavery paper—that the editor and his printer lived chiefly on bread and water. "But," said the printer, "when we sold more copies than usual, we bought each a cup of milk." Garrison spoke as well as wrote against the crime and curse of his country, and the speaking was the more dangerous part of his work. Hissed, pelted, mobbed whenever and wherever he appeared to denounce the great infamy, he carried his life in his hand. It was then as perilous to talk of abolition in Boston as it is to-day in Richmond. Garrison knew beforehand the dangers of the work he undertook. Threats therefore did not appal him; nor did the personal violence he suffered induce him to desist from challenging publicly the popular iniquity. Neither opprobrium nor maltreatment could silence that chivalrous spirit. Presently others as earnest, as daring, and as eloquent as himself joined in his crusade against wrong. After years of toil, the conscience of America became touched, and Abolitionism acquired a respectable standing. We all know what is the present position of the anti-slavery movement in America. Slavery has been driven South, and has been put upon its defence even there. The change that has been wrought in public sentiment—how much of it is due to the man who began his crusade in the company of a negro boy? When the history of the last thirty years shall come to be written, one of the highest places of honor in it will be assigned to the name of William Lloyd Garrison.

Garrison denounced slavery and slaveholders in no mincing terms. Slavery was a crime, and he did not descend to speak of it by any milder phrase. Slaveholders were thieves—robbers of other men's freedom—and he did not think it worth while to waste politeness on the worst enemies of mankind. Garrison did not deal in compliments, did not consider proprieties, but spoke out the harsh, honest truth of both the crime and the criminals. Men marvelled much at his daring—some even of his own friends, having respect for established sin, protested and rebuked. "I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice," was Garrison's answer. "I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal and to hasten the resurrection of the dead. On this question my influence, humble as it is, is felt at this moment to a considerable extent, and shall be felt in coming years—not perniciously, but beneficially—not as a curse, but as a blessing—and posterity will bear witness that I am right." Time has already justified the prediction, and Garrison's invective has borne fruit in a million slaves redeemed, in an anti-slavery government, in an anti-slavery policy, and in an anti-slavery war.

The champion has now his revenge. It is not now objected that he denounces slavery in too harsh a phrase, but that he is mild and tame. But it is not Garrison that has changed—it is the popular sentiment that has been revolutionised. He is still as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. Here is his answer to the new objectors: "We espoused the anti-slavery cause not to be supported by it, not to find employment, but to lay upon its altar all of intellect, heart, and soul—all of self-sacrifice and moral power—all of heroic purpose, zealous devotion, and a good example—that we could bring to it. Nor are we conscious of any internal change or external state of things to make us feel or act in any other spirit or from any other motive in the present than in the past."

But Garrison is accused, not only of falling off in tone, but of receding in principle. What is the ground of this accusation? The charge is founded on the circumstance that the *Liberator* objects to the candidature of Gen. Fremont, and supports the re-election of Abraham Lincoln. Personally perhaps Mr. Garrison would prefer Fremont to Lincoln. But that is not the question. Mr. Garrison may prefer somebody else to either—Charles Sumner or Wendell Phillips. Ought he to advocate the election of the man he admires most, regardless of his chances at the poll? The matter to be decided, however, is less who shall than who shall not fill the post of President for the next four years. "The question," writes Mr. Garrison, "whether the loyal sentiment of the country can be more strongly brought out and secured by Lincoln or Fremont, and thus the government kept out of the hands of its deadly foes—that is the whole question." Admitting that the personal advantage is slightly in favor of Fremont, is it advisable to press forward his claims, and so run the risk of electing a pro-slavery candidate? To divide the Republican ranks is to give a Democrat a greater chance. Fremont is outside the probabilities of success, and his candidature can only injure the prospects of Lincoln and advance those of the Copperhead nominee. For this reason Garrison supports the re-election of Lincoln. "All personal preferences," he says, "should be magnanimously swallowed up in the absolute necessity of presenting an unbroken front to the common enemy." That the division in the Radical ranks is likely to promote the success of the Copperhead candidate is clear from the favor the Democratic journals show to the nomination of Gen. Fremont. Even the slaveholders prefer Fremont to the author of the Emancipation Proclamation. "Any change from Lincoln," says the Richmond *Examiner*, "will be better for us." When slave-owners and their sympathizers manifest such preferences as these, the wise course is to defeat their wishes. Besides, so far as slavery is concerned—and that is the one vital question to be considered—there is really no difference between the platform accepted by Mr. Lincoln and that accepted by Gen. Fremont. Mr. Garrison, moreover, maintains that Abraham Lincoln ought to be re-elected in order to vindicate the principle of the right of the people to choose its own rulers. The authority of Mr. Lincoln has never yet been recognized in the South. For the purpose of asserting the authority over all the States which was given him by all, Mr. Garrison advocates a renewed lease of power for the present President.

This is the position of William Lloyd Garrison. In what respect does it fall short of the position he has held for more than thirty years? Is Garrison less the friend of the slave, less the enemy of the slave-owner, than he ever was? Has he become polite to falsehood? Does he compromise with injustice? In his present attitude there is no sacrifice of principle, no sign of palteriog or of faltering. It is not he that has come down to the politicians, but the politicians that have come up to him. His present policy, it seems to us, is not only righteous, but prudent and wise. But it is a little annoying to find the courage of a soldier who has stood for thirty years in the breach called in question by men who have only just put on the uniform. Garrison, however, is not the man to be dismayed by ungenerous assaults. He has borne the standard of Abolition in worse times and in fiercer battles, and we are quite sure that the last man to lower or dishonor it, while life and vigor lasts, will be William Lloyd Garrison.

A PURITAN BURYING-GROUND.

From the Circular.

AFTER taking a plunge in the limpid Quinnipiac one warm afternoon, my friend and I crossed it in our boat, and proceeded a quarter of a mile across the plain to the Wallingford (Connecticut) burying-ground, where we spent an hour in reading or trying to read the quaint inscriptions on the older monuments of the place. The town being nearly two hundred years old has furnished several generations in lineal order to the occupancy of this spot, and the earliest stones carry us back to the borders of the old Puritan times and the first settlement of the country.

One of the curious things about the old monuments is the grotesque carvings of faces and figures that stare at the spectator from many of them, above the inscriptions. What was the design of these figures one can hardly imagine. If intended for angels, they show a singular conception of those beings on the part of the stone-cutters of that day, and it aimed to produce solemnity they quite fall short of that effect with the modern beholder.

The earliest stones used in this ground, dated down to about 1730, were many of them slate, and are tolerably well preserved, though the inscriptions being shallow and somewhat lichen-covered, are difficult to decipher. Then followed a period of about fifty years in which the monuments were of sandstone, and of these most of the earliest are so far corroded by lichens and the elements, that the epitaphs are quite obliterated. After about the beginning of this century marble prevails, and the old-fashioned letterings give place to more modern style.

We give herewith copies of some of the inscriptions:

Here lies interred the remains of Mrs. Sarah Hall relict of Mr. Joseph Hall who departed this life July 9th 1796 in the 30th year of her age.
The blast which nipt my youth will conquer thee: It strikes the bud, the blossom and the tree.

Another inscription is followed by the quaint lines:

Lovely companion come to see
The clods that cover me
Look at my right hand and view
The clods that are reserved for to cover thee.
[Doctor Isaac Lewis 1784.]
As I am now gone down to dust
Five of my children came here first
The rest may se as they pass by
That we are now before them gone.

The following has been copied from the original stone on to a new monument:

THE
REVERENT
MR: STREET
DEPARTED: THIS
LIFE: IEN: YE 18
1717 AGED: 82

The following are specimens of the didactic pendants following the name and date of some of the departed:

He sleeps no longer on
the brink of fate, nor
leaves one loitering
wish beneath the Starrs.

Man at his Best
State is Vanity.

Though death the king of terrors be
And nature dread the awful day
Yet Corist the King of Saints we see
Hath took the Sting away.

HEAVEN gives friends
Why should we complain
If Heaven resume
Our friends again.

Farewell Vain World,
Dust Hast thou Been to me:
Dust and the Shadow,
I do leave with thee.

Life uncertain;
Death is sure;
Sin the wound
& CHRIST the cure.

The grave is honored where the Christian lies
'Tis but the ark that wafts him to the Skies.

From Death we see
no age is free.

We close our citations by giving the inscription on the monument of a distinguished son of Wallingford, a former resident and Governor of the State of Georgia:

Beneath this Stone
rests the remains of
the Hon. LYMAN HALL Esq.
[formerly Governor of this State
who departed this Life the 19th of October 1790
in the 67th year of his Age.
In the cause of America he was uniformly a
Patriot.
In the incumbent Duties of a Husband & a
Father he acquitted himself with affection and
Tenderness.
But reader, above all, know from this Inscription
that he left this probationary Scene
as a True Christian & an
Honest Man.

"To these, so mourned in death, so loved in Life
The childless Parent and the widowed Wife
With Tears inscribes this monumental Stone
That holds his ashes and expects her own."

[On another part of the monument:]

The State of Georgia, having removed to Augusta the remains of Lyman Hall, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and there erected a Monument to his memory; the tablet originally covering his Grave was, in 1857 presented by William D'Antignac to this state by whose order it is deposited in his native town.

A LETTER FROM MRS. CHILD.

WAYLAND, Aug. 26th, 1864.

FRIEND GARRISON: Mr. Cuild and I send you $20 toward the support of the *Liberator*. I have never known the time when the clear, unwavering tone of your trumpet could be spared from the moral combat; and, certainly, at this time it is peculiarly needed.

Few things have surprised and offended me more than the remarks concerning the *Liberator* in the *Commonwealth*. Common courtesy required that one, who is himself a "neophyte," should have spoken in a tone more respectful toward an old pioneer of the cause like yourself; a pioneer true and faithful at all times, and as steadfast to the cause of Freedom now, as in the brave skirmishing of former years.

How any candid person can look upon the *Liberator* as a "Campaign Sheet" is more than I can understand. Men and measures connected with the great question of Emancipation must unavoidably be discussed by Abolitionists; and if some attack Lincoln immeasurably, and give their reasons therefor, shall not others be at liberty to defend him measurably, giving *their* reasons therefor? You have stated your reasons with moderation and candor, and if any doubt your being actuated solely by a pure regard for the interests of Freedom, we certainly are not among the number.

Yours, with true respect and affection,
L. MARIA CHILD.

NO PEACE FOR THE WICKED.

PEACE with the serpent's nest?
Peace with the traitor race,
Who have stabbed their mother's breast,
And brought our land disgrace?
Whose feet were on our necks,
Whose bravos swarm our decks,
Who have drenched with blood our sod?
There is no peace! saith our God.

Come on! ye sunburnt men,
From hay-field and from plow!
Spring up from desk and pen!
Forward! if ever, *now!*
Come faces dusk and pale!
Shall whips or thews prevail?
Come, storm across the land,
And win peace, hand to hand!

Remember all our dead;
Have they, then, died in vain?
The blood that they have shed
Calls from the ground again!
Clasp! noble hands and true!
Those hearts that bled for you—
Is this the peace they sought?
The liberty they bought?

No peace while breathes a slave!
No peace while lurks a stain!
No peace with brute or knave!
No peace with love of gain!
O patient land, endure!
When chastened, strong and pure,
Like dew upon thy sod,
Shall fall the peace of God.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

LETTER FROM EDWARD EVERETT.

[The subjoined letter was read at the great Union meeting lately held in Faneuil Hall, in celebration of our recent glorious victories:]

SUMMER STREET, 5th of September, 1864.

DEAR SIR: It is not in my power to attend the meeting in Faneuil Hall to-morrow, but I cheerfully comply with your request that I would write a letter expressive of the feelings which I share with the community, on the joyous occasion. We have reason, indeed, not merely for patriotic exultation, but for heartfelt gratitude to the Sovereign Disposer, for the brilliant triumphs of our arms by sea and by land during the past Summer. First came the contest of the Kearsage and Alabama, on the 18th of June, in which the inglorious career of the corsair—a pirate by his own definition—was, on his first encounter with an equal force, ignominiously closed. Most fitting did this take place, on a calm Sunday morning, in the English Channel, almost within sight of the shores on which the piratical craft was built by a member of the British Parliament, equipped, manned and prepared to receive her armament from another English vessel, and sent out to prey upon the commerce of a friendly State, all in open defiance alike of the law of the land and of the law of nations.

Then came, on the 5th of August, the glorious achievement of Admiral Farragut, unsurpassed by anything in naval warfare, but forming a fit sequel to his own exploits in the Mississippi. History will show no brighter page than that which tells how this gallant veteran, as modest as he is brave, lashing himself in the maintop of his vessel, and that a wooden one, slowed his engines, and as he passed the most formidable fort on the coast, dashed at the tremendous ram, regardless of the infernal machines which had destroyed one of his iron-clads before his eyes, vanquished his seemingly impregnable antagonist after a short action, captured or destroyed all the rebel fleet save one vessel, and with the efficient coöperation of Gen. Granger's army, compelled the self-destruction of Fort Powell, the honorable capitulation of Fort Gaines and the surrender of Fort Morgan, in a manner peculiarly discreditable to the commander of the garrison—all accomplished in eighteen days from the time Fort Morgan was passed. With what words can we do full justice to the admiration with which we contemplate deeds like these? How can we sufficiently express our gratitude to our naval heroes, officers and men, to whom the country is indebted for these invaluable services?

And not to them alone. Before the burst of congratulations at these auspicious events has passed, we receive from the Army of the South the joyous news of the fall of Atlanta, the point of junction of four great lines of railroad communication, and the most important interior position in the Gulf States. A week has not passed since we read in the Confederate papers that "Hood was as safe in Atlanta as Lee in Richmond," and by this morning's mail Gen. Sherman tells us that, after a smart action at Jonesborough, in which the enemy lost 10 guns and 1,000 prisoners, Hood, finding his army broken in two parts, with Sherman between them, and his supplies cut off, evacuated the city, after destroying seven locomotives, and 81 cars loaded with ammunition, stores and small arms, leaving behind him 550 killed and wounded, 1,500 prisoners and 14 pieces of artillery. "And so," says the noble Commander of this admirable army, "Atlanta is ours, and fairly won." Fairly—aye, grandly, gloriously won—the crowning exploit of a campaign which, since the 5th of May, has been one unbroken skirmish, battle and victory.

Nor must we forget the noble army of the Potomac, which, with a courage and endurance beyond all praise, insensible to the peril of the climate and season, the fatigues of the march, and the shock of the battle-field, led by the unconquered chief of Vicksburg and Chattanooga and his worthy associate in command, has steadily moved toward the goal, till at length it has reached a position, where it is a question of time only, when the Confederate boast just cited will be verified, and Lee will be shown to be as safe in Richmond as Hood was in Atlanta—and no safer.

Our first emotions in contemplating these auspicious events must be those of devout thankfulness to a gracious Providence, and under Him to the faithful and gallant instruments of his mercy, the navy and army of the Union—their officers and men. Toward them let our heartfelt gratitude and admiration be cherished and expressed. Let us send them from their homes the cheering assurance that we appreciate at their full worth, their splendid achievements, while we drop a tear of sorrowing but grateful recollection of their gallant comrades who have fallen on the path to victory. Finally, let us rejoice in the well-founded hope that these new and signal proofs of the military and naval strength and resources of the country, and of the ability and determination of the government and people to crush the military power of the rebellion, may, under Providence, be the means of hastening a safe, an honorable, and a *lasting* peace. For such a peace the masses of the people at the North, and, as I firmly believe, at the South, are prepared, and it needs but united efforts on our part to bring it about.

For this consummation no man's heart yearns more earnestly than mine. All who know me, know that, in my humble sphere, I strove to the very last to avert the catastrophe. But it must needs be that offences should come. Some of these most active in bringing on the crisis have boasted that it was planned and resolved on thirty years ago. Mr. Webster in 1850 raised his voice of solemn and prophetic warning in the Senate. "Peaceable secession! Peaceable secession, sir," he cried, "your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this Union without a convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep, without ruffling the surface.... Sir, he who sees these States, now revolving in harmony around a common centre, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres, and jostle against each other in the realms of space without causing the wreck of the universe. There can be no such thing as peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. No, sir; no, sir; I will not state what might produce the disruption of this Union, but I see as plainly as I see the sun in the heavens what that disruption itself must produce; I see that it must produce war, and such a war as I will not describe *in its twofold character.*"

But this warning voice was raised in vain. Ten more troubled years of strife and controversy followed. Whatever fault lies at the doors of the North, this may with truth be said, that every demand made by the South was conceded, and that every issue raised by her was decided in her favor. At length, having been defeated in one election, after having all but monopolized the government for sixty years (a defeat brought about by the management of her own political leaders, for the avowed purpose of "firing the Southern heart"), she struck the first blow of overt treason and aggressive war. To the question on whom the dread responsibility of that fatal blow must forever rest, let the Vice-President of the Confederacy, in his speech in the Georgia Convention of January, 1861, return the answer: "This step," said he, "once taken, can never be recalled, and all the baneful consequences, that must follow, must rest on this convention, to the end of time." Then, after depicting in the darkest colors "the desolations by the demon war which this act of yours will inevitably invite and call forth," he asks, "who will be held responsible for it, and who but he who shall give his vote for this unwise and ill-timed measure will be held to strict account for this suicidal act, by the present generation, and probably be cursed and execrated by posterity, in all coming time, for the wide and desolating ruin that will inevitably follow the act you now propose to perpetrate?"

With fervent prayer to Heaven, that the blessing of peace, beneath the sacred flag of the Union, may soon return, and that our beloved country may again resume her honored place in the family of nations, I remain, dear sir, very respectfully yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Esq.

A SPEECH BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

[Among the distinguished guests present at the recent Centennial Anniversary of Brown University, in Providence, R. I., was Prof. GOLDWIN SMITH, of the University of Oxford, one of the staunchest friends of America in all England. Having received from Brown University the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, he made the following address in response to the compliment:]

I MOST heartily thank you for the compliment you have kindly paid me and the great University, the elder sister of this institution, whom I have the honor to serve. I am no practised orator myself. I am a student, not an orator, and the only public meeting it has been my privilege to address was the great meeting in the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, England, to protest against the outrage of sending forth the Alabama.

It is, however, most interesting to me to see these seats of liberal learning—the counterparts of Oxford and Cambridge—rising on this side of the Atlantic. It is true our great universities in Europe are ancient indeed. Our colleges have existed for five or six centuries, but in this country the visitor sees everywhere similar institutions, which exhibit the same spirit of devotion to literature and science as in the mother country. This has served to bind the two nations together. May I not hope that when this evil hour is past England and America may be again and more strongly united, not by intelligence and learning and science alone, but by those bonds of affection and high principle which are unfailing and enduring?

It is true there have been causes of estrangement, and I am afraid that in this great struggle you have too much reason to complain, not only of a want of sympathy, but also of positive antipathy. But this is not true of the whole people; it is true only of certain classes, and that it is true of them I most deeply regret. When the Prince of Wales visited this country, he was received by you, not only with kindness and courtesy, but with cordiality and enthusiasm, and you might have hoped that throughout England a deep sympathy would have been manifested in behalf of your cause. Unhappily, dark clouds have now come between us, which I trust time may dispel.

You must not think, however, that the nation is against you, though it were idle for me to deny that the privileged classes, our aristocracy and clergy, have been opposed to you in this struggle. You have been a standing menace to them, not in a military sense, but in a moral and political sense. Their instinct teaches this, no matter what their lips may say. They know that your principles are certain to endure; they know that their doom is linked with the destiny of this nation, and that it is opening a political future which shall overthrow all their schemes of power. I do not say that they could not feel otherwise than they do, but it would be unnatural that they should, while they realize so keenly the tendency of your institutions. The feeling is not one of malignity, but of natural opposition to your political views and theories of government.

Believe me, too, there are other gentlemen ashamed of the language which has been used by a portion of their countrymen. When we come to the middle classes there is a better feeling. This, it is true, is not what we might have expected. They are very rich, and their wealth has made them indifferent to what would once have greatly moved them, and I fear, although I am almost ashamed to say it, that some of them are not above the feeling that it is most genteel to agree with those who are hostile to you. The feeling of this class is not a feeling of real hostility, however.

The London *Telegraph* is the great paper of the middle class. It has a circulation nearly treble that of the London *Times*. It has been against the war, but not in hostility to this country and its free institutions; and such is the character of much of the war talk which you read. I have now with me, I believe, a letter from one whom you know to be one of the best friends of America, my honored friend, Mr. Bright, in which he says, if he envies me my visit to this country, he pities me also. His sorrow at the calamities that have overwhelmed you is almost anguish. He is truly a most cordial friend of this nation. Others may feel with equal strength that this war is a calamity, and express that feeling, and yet they may be, like him, the friends of your cause.

But let us come down a little further in the strata of English society; let us come down to the masses, the lower middle class, as we call them, among whom are a great number of non-conformists, who are a class friendly to this country, whether actually in favor of the war I cannot say. If we come down to the laboring classes, those who are agricultural laborers, a kind of peasantry, are scarcely above the condition of mediæval serfdom; they have the least idea of political rights and privileges. But of the intelligent laborers, the mechanics and workingmen in our large cities and towns, there are few indeed whose hearts are not with you in sympathy; few indeed who have not followed your fortunes; and, from the moment when the broad issue was made between freedom and slavery, they, in spite of great suffering and great temptations, have warmly and steadily adhered to your side. We alone have been able to hold great public meetings, and the enemies of your cause have tried in vain to hold such meetings.

I dare not trust myself to speak what I think of the London *Times*. Trust me, that it does not represent the feelings of the nation, and its utterances are not the voice of the English people. It has been sold by the editor for what he regards as a sufficient compensation, invitations to aristocratic houses and the patronage of aristocratic society.

Mr. President and gentlemen, I have ventured to speak upon this topic because many have been surprised at the position of England, and because I wish to show you that the English people are not your enemies. They have every motive to make the hearts of the two nations one. I would not venture to trench upon a subject upon which American opinion is divided.

I trust that these institutions will have an influence to awaken the whispering of kindly and social feeling between us, when this terrible struggle shall be ended.

To revert a moment to the proper subject, knowing what great universities have been and what their influence is upon a nation, I rejoice to see similar institutions increasing and prospering in this country.

The president to-day urged you to be liberal in sustaining this university. This should meet with a liberal response, for institutions like this confer their blessings upon all classes of society. Our great universities of Oxford and Cambridge are, perhaps, over-endowed. We are placed by our wealth too much above the necessities of our position; but it is a great thing to be placed above the mere needs of the hour; we should be able to raise ourselves above the tide of busy life, to a purer and higher air.

I thank you, gentlemen, for the honor you have paid me, and permit me to express the cordial wish that the prosperity of the century past may be more than equalled in the prosperity of the century to come.

ARRIVAL OF M. AUGUSTE LAUGEL.

From the Evening Post.

AMONG the passengers who arrived by the Europa was M. Auguste Laugel, a gentleman who has done for our country in France the same good office which Prof. Goldwin Smith has rendered it in England. M. Laugel is prominent among that accomplished class of writers who have made the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a leading organ of opinion on the continent, and his series of elaborate and brilliant essays in that magazine upon the American question will henceforth entitle it to a new share of regard with an enlarged trans-atlantic circle. Since the volume of De Tocqueville, no French writer has excelled M. Laugel in the wide extent and singular correctness of his knowledge of the issues that have divided American parties, or in the philosophic acuteness with which he has traced the working of the causes that led to the rebellion, and developed the character, progress and probable results of the grand contest.

For this familiarity with the history, geography and institutions of the United States, the want of which is so constantly felt by Americans in reading the works of English and continental commentators on the war, M. Laugel is doubtless indebted in great part to the fact that he has an American wife—the daughter of the late Henry G. Chapman of Boston. He is the son of a French officer, and has himself attained distinction in Paris as Professor in the Ecole des Mines; but being an ardent Orleanist in his sympathies and principles, he has recently resided in England, where the Count de Paris and the Duc d'Aumale have now their home. M. Laugel is accompanied by his family.

Those who know the ceaseless activity of the secession emissaries in France in misleading the European press on every point connected with the rebellion, and thus preparing the way for French intervention, can readily appreciate the importance of the aid afforded us by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, speaking with an ability and authority universally recognised, and addressing with undoubted facts and the calmest arguments the judgment and sympathies of the leading minds of Europe.

NIGHT.

WHO calls me dark? For do I not display
Wonders that else man's eye would never see?
Waste in the blank and blinding glare of day,
The skies bud forth their glories but to me.

Is it not mine to pile heaven's crystal cup—
Drained by the thirsty sun, and void by day—
Brimful of living gems, profuse, heaped up,
The bounteous largesse of my royal way?

Mine to call o'er at dusk the roll of heaven—
Marshal its glittering files in order due;
To beckon forth the lurking star of even,
And bid the constellations start to view?

The wandering planets to their paths recall,
And summon to the muster truant spheres,
Till, flocking to my standard one and all,
They throng the zenith in unfathomed tiers.

Is not a crown of lightnings mine to wear,
When polar flames suffuse my skies with splendor?
Mine, too, the homage with the sun to share
His vagrant vassals rush through space to render?

Do I not lure stray sunbeams from the day,
To hurl them broadcast as winged meteors forth?
Strew sheafs of fiery arrows on my way,
And blazon my dark spaces in the North?

Who calls me dark? For are not hidden things
Revealed by me to Science, whose keen eye
Looks forth beneath the shadow of my wings,
To fathom Space, and Scan Infinity?

Do I not bid her learn how heaven yet teems
With germs slow ripening from Creation's morn,
And see where slimy Chaos vaguely gleams,
The spawn of suns and systems yet unborn?

—*Chambers's Journal.*

A VISIT TO THE PRESIDENT.

LETTER FROM JUDGE MILLS OF WISCONSIN.

THE Grant County (Wisconsin) *Herald* contains a letter from John T. Mills, Judge of the Fifth Judicial Circuit, giving an account of a recent interview with Mr. Lincoln, with a report of the remarks of the latter in regard to the consequences which would follow the adoption of the war policy urged by the friends of Gen. McClellan. Judge Mills was accompanied by ex-Gov. Randall, of this State, who introduced him to the President, whom he warmly thanks for his readiness to serve his friends from Wisconsin at the Capital. They found the President at the Soldiers' Retreat, a "building not imposing in size, half hidden in foliage, the grounds tastefully laid out."

The following is Judge Mills's account of his interview with the President, what he said, and his impression of Mr. Lincoln:

"The Governor asked of a man in waiting if the President had arrived. 'Yes,' was the reply. We entered a neat, plainly-furnished room. A marble table was in the centre. Directly appeared from an adjoining apartment a tall, gaunt-looking figure, shoulders inclined forward, his gait astride, rapid and shuffling, ample understandings with large slippers, and Briarian arms, with a face radiant with intelligence and humor.

"The Governor addressed him: 'Mr. President, this is my friend and your friend Mills, from Wisconsin.'

"'I am glad to see my friends from Wisconsin; they are the hearty friends of the Union.'

"'I could not leave the city, Mr. President, without hearing words of cheer from your own lips. Upon you, as the representative of the loyal people, depend, as we believe, the existence of our government and the future of America.' This introduced political topics.

"'Mr. President,' said Gov. Randall, 'why can't you seek seclusion, and play hermit for a fortnight? it would reinvigorate you.'

"'Aye,' said the President, 'two or three weeks would do me no good. I cannot fly from my thoughts—my solicitude for this great country follows me wherever I go. I don't think it is personal vanity or ambition, though I am not free from these infirmities, but I cannot but feel that the weal or woe of this great nation will be decided in November. There is no programme offered by any wing of the Democratic party but that must result in the permanent destruction of the Union.'

"'But, Mr. President, Gen. McClellan is in favor of crushing out the rebellion by force. He will be the Chicago candidate.'

"'Sir,' said the President, 'the slightest knowledge of arithmetic will prove to any man that the rebel armies cannot be destroyed with Democratic strategy. It would sacrifice all the white men of the North to do it. There are now in the service of the United States near two hundred thousand able-bodied colored men, most of them under arms, defending and acquiring Union territory. The Democratic strategy demands that these forces should be disbanded, and that the masters be conciliated by restoring them to slavery. The black men who now assist Union prisoners to escape, are to be converted into our enemies in the vain hope of gaining the good will of their masters. We shall have to fight two nations instead of one.

"'You cannot conciliate the South if you guarantee to them ultimate success; and the experience of the present war proves their success is inevitable if you fling the compulsory labor of millions of black men into their side of the scale. Will you give our enemies such military advantages as insure success, and then depend on coaxing, flattery and concession to get them back into the Union? Abandon all the posts now garrisoned by black men; take two hundred thousand men from our side and put them in the battle-field or corn-field against us, and we would be compelled to abandon the war in three weeks.

"'We have to hold territory in inclement and sickly places; where are the Democrats to do this? It was a free fight, and the field was open to the war Democrats to put down this rebellion by fighting against both master and slave, long before the present policy was inaugurated.

"'There have been men base enough to propose to me to return to slavery the black warriors of Port Hudson and Olustee, and thus win the respect of the masters they fought. Should I do so I should deserve to be damned in time and eternity. Come what will I will keep my faith with friend and foe. My enemies pretend I am now carrying on this war for the sole purpose of abolition. So long as I am President it shall be carried on for the sole purpose of restoring the Union. But no human power can subdue this rebellion without the use of the emancipation policy, and every other policy calculated to weaken the moral and physical forces of the rebellion.

"'Freedom has given us two hundred thousand men raised on Southern soil. It will give us more yet. Just so much it has subtracted from the enemy, and instead of alienating the South, there are now evidences of a fraternal feeling growing up between our men and the rank and file of the rebel soldiers. Let my enemies prove to the country that the destruction of slavery is not necessary to a restoration of the Union. I will abide the issue.'

"I saw that the President was not a mere joker, but a man of deep convictions, of abiding faith in justice, truth and Providence. His voice was pleasant, his manner earnest and emphatic. As he warmed with his theme his mind grew to the magnitude of his body. I felt I was in the presence of the great guiding intellect of the age, and that those 'huge Atlantean shoulders were fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies.' His transparent honesty, republican simplicity, his gushing sympathy for those who offered their lives for their country, his utter forgetfulness of self in his concern for its welfare, could not but inspire me with confidence that he was Heaven's instrument to conduct his people through this sea of blood to a Canaan of peace and freedom. J. T. MILLS."

SOJOURNER TRUTH.

LETTER FROM MISS HOLLEY.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 29, 1864.

DEAR MR. GARRISON: Last evening I heard Sojourner Truth. It is thirteen years since I used to hear her in Ohio. She must be seventy years old. I was surprised and delighted to see her still so vigorous—her voice deep and strong and rich as when I last heard her. There "she stood, calm and erect as one of her own native palms, waving alone in the desert.' We called on her this morning; and as I recalled those words of Mrs. Stowe, describing her at her house in Andover among the ministers, Sojourner said, "Mrs. Stowe got it all mixed up—making me born in Africa. I suppose she forgot; but I told her my grandmother came from Guinea, and my grandfather from Africa, and she thought it was me." I do not at all wonder Mrs. Stowe should have so identified her with the land of shadow and mystery, she is so unlike anything American. Original, yet representative enough to suggest to an artist a modern sphynx.

How beautiful genius is! First, here is this strange, powerful woman—Africa transplanted in America, hardly naturalized. Then there is the poet-souled authoress of "Uncle Tom," with her Hebrew Scripture-taught imagination and feeling, perceiving the singular, mystical nature of this queenly woman, and reporting it with such captivating power to the artist, Mr. W. W. Story, over in Rome, that he moulds and chisels these wonderful depths of being and feeling into the beautiful symbolic marble of the Lybian Sybil! The statue goes to the London Exhibition, and an admiring Englishman's gold welds it to some British estate. We will hope with Mrs. Stowe, that a copy of it will some day adorn the Capitol at Washington.

So she held us last night by the spell of her rude, native eloquence—full of wit, pathos, pungent common sense, and an awing, prophetic cast of thought. We felt it was a rare privilege to hear her. She began by telling how her mission "wasn't so much to black people as out of pity for de white people, and to help them out of der degradation." And as she told over their crimes to her people, some of which she said she hated to take into her mouth to name, you felt she was right in being thankful that she did not belong to their race, so guilty and cruel to a long-suffering, patient, inoffensive people. She spoke with withering scorn of the Northern Churches that had welcomed slaveholders to the communion-table in past years. She said, "I would sooner eat with de hogs out of de trough dan sit down at de sacrament with dem Southerns—dem devils, dat have been whippin', and burnin', and huntin', and tearin' wid bloodhounds, my own brodders and sisters for a century!"

She thinks, yes, she is full of assurance that, after the blood and smoke and storm of battle are gone, this country will be *beautiful* with justice and freedom. She seemed, as Mrs. Stowe said, "to impersonate the fervor of Ethiopia, wild, savage, hunted of all nations, but burning after God, in her tropic heart, and stretching her scarred hands towards the glory that is to be revealed." She is on her way to Washington, to visit Abraham Lincoln.

After her, there arose a great call for "Douglass!" "Douglass!" He spoke grandly, responding to Sojourner's thankfulness that she wasn't white. He had always said he would rather be the most whip-scarred slave in all the South than the haughtiest slave-master; and then he recited, in his rich-toned voice, that exquisite verse of Cowper—

"I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No; dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized